THE

# English Mounſieur.

John Genest Aug. 27 - 1818

# COMEDY,

As it is Acted, at the *Theater-Royal*,

By His

# MAJESTY'S

SERVANTS.

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By the Honorable *JAMES HOWARD* Eſq;

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*LONDON*,

Printed by *H. Bruges* for *J. Magnus* near the *Piazza* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet Covent Garden*, 1674.

# The Names of the Persons.

MR. VVelbred, *a wild Gentleman, Servant to the* Lady Wealthy.
*Mr.* Comely, *his Companion.*
*Mr.* Frenchlove, *the English Mounsieur.*
*Mr.* Vaine, *one who to gain the reputation of a Debauch; belyes himself, and all women he knows.*
Jack Arch, *his Foot-boy.*
*Two* Parsons.
Gripe, *a Scrivener.*
*A* Hector.
*Taylor, & Milliner.* } English.
*Taylor, & Merchants.* } French.
VVilliam, *a Wilt-shire Clown.*
*Lacquies.*
*Porter.*
*Servants.*
*Fidlers.*
*Lady* VVealthy, *a rich widdow, in love with* Welbred.
*Two Ladies, of her acquaintance.*
I. *Mrs.* Crafty, II. *Mrs.* Crafty. } *2 Courtizans, and Mistrisses to* { Frenchlove, & Vaine.
Elsbeth, *a Country Lass; Sweet-heart to* William.
*Waiting woman, to the Lady* VVealthy.

SCENE, *London.*

The

The Names of the Perſons.

Mr. Valentine, a Gentleman, Servant to the Lady Wealthy.
Mr. Cou[illegible], his Companion.
Mr. Frenchlove, a French Gentleman.
Mr. Vaine, one that thinks himſelf a Deſtinch; loves himſelf, and all women beſides.
Jack Arch, his Footman.
Tom Parlock.
Grigg, a Servant.
A Hector.
Taylor, } Engliſh.
Milliner.
Taylor, } French.
Merchants.
William, a wild-fine Clown.
Lawyers.
Parſon.
Servants.
Fiddlers.
Lady Wealthy, a rich widow, in love with Welbred.
Two Ladies, of her equal ſtate.
I. Mrs. Crafty, } Contrivers, and Mighty Friends to } Frenchlove, & Vaine.
II. Mrs. Crafty.
Elsbeth, a Country Laſſ; Sweet-heart to William.
Waiting woman, to the Lady Wealthy.

SCENE, London.

The

# The English Mounsieur.

## ACT the first, SCENE the first.

### Enter Mr. *Welbred* and Mr. *Comely*.

### SCENE *Covent Garden*.

*Wel.* HE *Renchlove* is come then it seems,

*Com.* I spoke with one that saw him?

*Wel.* And what Composition is the Man——of since his Travels.

*Com.* Why I am told, that he is absolutely composed of Frigaces and Essences.

*Wel.* A very admirable character of a man, I p rcieve he is e'ne no better, nor no worse, than an effected *English* man—translated into a ridiculous *French* man —— I believe such a fellow as thi —— were he but given to Poe.ry—— would be continually making of Verses in praise of French Taylors—— French Cooks—— and French Merchants ——which are but of the lower rank of *English* Pedlars.

*Com.* Well—I am very glad he's return'd so accomplish'd a person—— to make sport with—he will serve to pass away many a tedious hour—and make us laugh more then a wiser man—

*Wel.* Faith thou'rt in the right—I'me resolv'd he shall be our Physitian for the Spleen,

*Com.* You know we have another too as eminent in folly as he, though in a different kind —— you guess who I mean.

*well.* Who Mr. *Vaine*?

*Com.* The very same, that fellow is a Coxcomb of great value, his humour is very pleasant, he loves to be thought a debauch, in all kinds, and is none; brags of his great acquaintance with women —— and their kindness to him, and yet he knows not one in the whole Town.

*well.* Prethee look yonder and behold the approaching shadow of the man we were talking of: Substance he has none.

*Enter Mr.* Vaine, *and Jack Arch* his Foot-boy.

*Com.* The Gentleman spyes us already.

*Vaine.* I see Mr. *welbred* and Mr. *Comely*, now I will speak so loud to my Boy, that they may hear —— Sirrah, go to those six several Ladies that sent to my Chamber this morning, and say your Master cannot possibly waite on them to night —— and d' hear Sirrah, take heed that one Ladies Chamber-maid does not dogg you to the next Ladies Lodging, for their jealousie makes them as watchful over me as so many Cats.

*well.* O —— impudent Rascal (*aside.*

*Vain.* And when you return with your answers, (*aside to the boy.*
Be sure remember to deliver the same messages to me
As you are wont to do before Company.

*Com.* I believe that word in private,
Is to instruct the boy what message he is to bring back.

*Vain* Make hast Sirrah.

*Boy* Yes, yes Sir, —— now must I stay just such a time away, as
I might really have dispatch'd these feign'd errands ——
To these six Ladie-No-bodies —— and then return with
Six huge lyes —— now let all the world be judge if there
Can be such another Rogue as my Master. *Exit boy.*

*well.* Mr. *Vaine*, we over-heard you Message to your boy, you'r
A happy man, wrapt in your mother's smock.

*Vaine* What de'e mean Sir.

*well.* Nay never let your modesty deny what we heard, no
Less then women by the half dozen in love with you ——
Very good! when other men are writing Petitioning-Letters
For admittance, —— you'r sending excuses that you cannot come.

*Vain.*

*Vain.* Well Gentlemen, since you have over-heard me against
My will, I wonder you should think me happy, that
Am troubled with the importunity of so many women.

*Well.* If that be your misfortune, Sir, would you'd make us
Sharers with you, and bring us acquainted with some
Of these Ladies——wee'd help to ease your burthen.

*Vain.* Alas Sir, they poor hearts would take it unkindly
From me, because their affections are particularly to
My person.

*Com.* We don't question that, but by your slighting them
We might get into favour.

*Vain.* Troth I have us'd them to that a great while, and do not
find it lessens me in their esteem——past the recovery
Of a kind visit.

*Well.* Are you acquainted, Sir, with the widdow, my Lady *Wealthy*.

*Vain.* I Sir, I think I am.

*Com.* She's a great Fortune, I wonder you don't think of marrying her.

*Vain.* Faith, Sir, I'me too great a Libertine to think of settling——
Pox on't, I made a great debauch last night with wine
And women.

*Well.* This fellow is the wonder of impudency *Enter* Vain's *boy*.

*Boy.* Sir, an please you the Ladies are very much unsatisfied
They cannot rest till they behold you.

*Vain.* Block-head who bid you deliver your message aloud
When you see company by?

*Boy.* E'ne your lying Worship—— *Aside.*

*Vain.* Well —— Gentlemen I must beg your excuse, that I
Cannot wait upon you any longer at this time.

*Com.* 'Twere uncivil to desire it, Sir, hearing your urgent occasions,
Your humble servant. 'Tis impossible to beleive there could be any
such fellow as this—in nature—did we not know him—now let's
go make a visit to *Frenchlove*s.

*Well.* Agreed. *Exit* Well. *and* Com.

*Vain.* Now, do wonder at my self of all men living, what kind
of devill possesses me, to make me do these things. I excuse my absence to six women, that know not one, as many as there are in
this town——I told them too, I was drinking and wenching last
night — if I were, 'twas my Landladies small beer, and she was my
wench, whose body is now so old, that death has laid claim to't by

course of nature above these forty years——I can't imagine how I first came to be of his humour, unless 'twere hearing the Orange Wenches talk of Ladies and their Gallants. So I begun to think I had no way of being in the fashion, but bragging of Mistrisses.

*Boy*, Sir, I think I deserve more then two Liveries a year in your Worship service——because I think I do more business then other Gentlemens footmen.

*Vaine*, In what boy?

*Boy*, In lying for your Worship an't please ye:

*Vaine*, Well sirrah I'le consider of it.

*Boy*, He dares not deny me for fear i'le betray him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frenchlove, with two dirty Lacquies at his heels, newly come out of* France *and arriv'd at* London.

*French.* Hei Lacquies go to Le Fronys and bespeak for my supper a Pottage, a Frigacie, and some lardid Patridge, Attande vous.

*Lacquies* Ovy Mon—— *Ext. Lacq.*

*French.* Curre Ill Mont, 'Tis some comfort yet that in this vast Beef-eating City, a French house may be found to eat at——for the most of the streets *I* have rode through from the Bridge to *Covent Garden*, are Butcher rows, where *I* saw the butchers strewing the flesh of their distressed Beefs with Rosemary as the English do a Corps at a Funeral. The Devil, in't that this *England* should be my Country, *I* cannot think my self the least a kin to it, since *I* have been in *France*, 'twould vex me plaguly were *I* not a Frenchman in my second nature (that is) in my fashion, discourse and cloathes. *I* cannot devise in this whole City of *London*, how to find out any one Divertisement. Let me see (first) *I* must go ask blessing of my Father and Mother. Diabol! what a damn'd English fashion is that, then they cry O welcome Son, you must stay and dine with us, we have a good rump of Beef in the pot for dinner: A rump of the Devil, that *I* should have an English father and mother, and they a French son.

*Enter*

*Enter Lacquie.*

*Lacquie*, Monsieur your French supper shall be ready presently.

*French.* Et bein, methinks there's a gust in that word French supper; but the very sound of an English supper, takes away the stomach of a person that's well bred.

*Enter Mr.* Welbred.

*Wel.* Mr. Frenchlove, you are welcome into *England*, and to *Spring Garden*—I suppose this to be the best Diversion we can enter an you with, since 'tis a place will afford the sight of all our English Beauties.

*French.* Sir, I thank you, but you must pardon me; if the memory of French Ladies be so fresh in me, that I doubt *I* shall hardly esteem the English women equal to them.

*Enter* Lady Wealthy *and two other* Ladies.

*Wel.* Sir we will not tell the Ladies your mind, for fear they should despair, yonder are some of them, if you please let's —— walk up towards them, and discourse.

*Lady We.* O —Madam yonder, Mr. *Welbred*, and the new arriv'd Mr. *Frenchlove*.

1 *Lady*, By what *I* have heard, he is a sight worth seeing.

*Lady We.* Look how he throws his legs as if he would fain be rid of them ——what distance there is between 'em —— *I* believe there are not a pair of legs in the whole Town so great strangers one to another as his.

*French.* Oh fie *I* surfeit of those Ladies already.

*Wel.* What before you see their faces.

*French.* They are so narrow with their feet that they but, in *France* they will not give a Souse for a Horse that does so?

*Wel.* No more will they in *England*. (*Frenchlove makes two or three ridiculous legs.*

Madam Mr. *Frenchlove* newly come out of *France*,
*I* need not tell you how accomplisht a person
Since his Boon mean will answer for him.

*Lady weal.* You're welcome into *England*, Sir, you are come to run the hazard of English women falling in love with you, and that we are apt to do with persons so much Frenchified as your self.

*French.* Madam I confess though an English Nurse taught me to go, a French Dancing-master taught me to walk.

*L. wealth.* Sir, I guest that seeing you come towards us.
It sets us women already a longing to see you dance,
I hope you'l grant us that favour upon better acquaintance.

*French.* Madam I am sorry I cannot promise it, for I doubt my ear will not endure the scraping of English Fidlers, since I have been us'd to the sound of the French Violins.

*L. weal.* Sir I fear all our diversions in *England* will be but Diseases to your nature.

*French* Truly Madam, unless they were French, I shall not affect them at any rate——I'me very sorry I can continue no longer in the honour of your Ladiships company, for I am going to imploy my Eyes in the view of some French Clothes and Garnitures that are newly brought me out of *France*, which is a business of grand concern to a person that has seen the world.

*L. weal.* Sir, we will not detain you from so great an affair,
What ever our inclinations are to your company.

*French.* Madam I hope you will be pleas'd to suffer a personal visit from me,

*well.* What a Devil does he mean by a personal visit, (*he makes*
Sure he does not mean to send his Lacquie as an Envoy, *ridiculous*

*L. weal.* Mr. *welbred*, I confess you are not worse *legs and*
Then your word in shewing us this Monsieur *goes off.*

*well.* Madam the reason why *London* is more pleasant to live in,
Then the Countrey is because all sorts of fools come to it.

*L. weal.* Indeed I think this fellow not inferior to any kind of Ass, that ever yet I saw——pray let's make good use of him.

*well.* Madam my life on't, we'l handle him to the best advantage but— hark ye—one word in private as to the old business, when will ye marry me.

*L. weal.* Old business d'e call it, sure 'tis new to you, for you han't me yet.

*well.* Pish, pray tell me when ye will marry me.

*L. well.* When will I marry you—when will I love ye, you should ask me first.

*well.* Why don't ye.

*L. Weal.*

*L. Weal.* Why do I, did you ever hear me say I did

*Well.* I never heard you say you did not.

*L. Weal.* I'le say so now then if you long.

*Well.* By no means say not a thing in haſt, you may Repent at leiſure.

*L. Weal.* Come leave your fooling or I'le ſwear it.

*Well.* Don't widdow, for then you'l lie too.

*L. Weal.* Indeed it ſeems 'tis for my money then you would have me.

*Well.* For that and ſomething elſe you have.

*L. Weal.* Well, I'le lay a wager thou haſt loſt all thy money at Play, for then you'r alwaies in a marrying humor. But d'e hear Gentleman, d'e think to gain me with this careleſs way, or that I will marry one I don't think is in love with me.

*Well.* Why I am.

*L. Weal.* Then you would not be ſo merry, people in Love are ſad and many times weep.

*Well.* That will I never do for thee widdow.

*L. Weal.* And why?

*Well.* 'Twould argue me a child, and I am confident if thou didſt not verily beleive I were a man, I ſhould ne're be thy Husband---- weep for thee——ha, ha, ha,—if e're I do

*L. Weal.* Go hang your ſelf.

*Well.* Thank you for your advice.

*L. W.* Well then ſhall I ſee you again?

*Well.* When I have a mind to't— Come, i'le lead you to your Coach for once.

*L. W.* And i'le let you for once—— *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Taylor *and* Milliner.

*Mill.* 'Twere brave if we could get his cuſtome.

*Taylor.* I doubt it not, I've workt for his Family above this twenty years. I warrant thee, if he accept of me for his Taylor i'le prefer you for his Milliner.

*Mill.* This is his Lodging,——let's knock, *They knock.*

*Enter*

*Enter* French Lacquie.

*Lacquie*, Qui est la:

*Mill.* What do he say kill.

*Taylor.* Sir, we would wait upon the Right Honorable Mr. *Frenck-love*

*Lacquie*, That be my Matre, me tell him *Exit* Lacquie.

*Taylor.* *I* don't like these French faces about him, they will persuade him from buying of us.

*Enter* Frenchlove.

God bless your Honor, you'r welcome into *England* again, *I* have made many a white coat for your Worship, when you were a child, *I* workt for your Father these twenty years, and hope to have your Honors custome, *I* have brought Suites ready made up, for your Honor to see.

*French.* And who is that other man?

*Taylor*, A *Milliner* that has the best choice in the *Exchange*.

*French.* Why these are all English things you shew me. (*they o-*

*Taylor*, Yes Sir we knew what would please your worship. *pen*

*French.* Ye are two mistaken Cockines. *their ware.*

*In the mean time enter a French Taylor and a French Merchant.*

*Mill.* What means he by Cockines?

*Taylor*, 'Tis Rogues in *English*, *I* heard two Frenchmen call one another so in the street, and a man that stood by, interpreted the words to me.

*Mill.* We are like to sell much ware then.

*Enter second* Lacquie.

*Lacquie*, Mounsieur—the Merchant of *France* and the Meunsieur Taylor of *France* are come.

*French.* Bring 'em in.

*E. Taylor*, Plague of his French throat, *I* had rather he'd brought news of two Devil's, we shall be finely serv'd now. (*Enter two* Frenchmen.

F. Taylor,

*F. Taylor.* Mounsieur we have brought you the new fashions of *France* for Cloaths and Gairntures. Mounsieur Le Merchant and my self sold the same to the King of *France* for the last grand ball.

*French.* See the difference of the *French* fashions and the damn'd *English.*

*F. Taylor.* You have the English Taylor and the Pedlar in your Chamber, begar they look like sheep.

*E. Taylor.* Say you so Frenchmen you shall find us wolves. *aside*

*French.* D'yee hear me Gentlemen, if you stay I'le give you forty Candles of Battons for your ware.

*E. Taylor.* An's please your Worship, how much is that in *English* mony? for we shall take any reasonable price to gain your Custom.

*French.* Why that summe in *English*, comes to forty swinging blows with an extream tough cudgel.

*Mill.* O Sir we can't take that, our ware stood us in more.

*F. Taylor.* O —*Mr.* Englishman you understand some *French.*

*E. Taylor.* May I never eat slice of liquid beef again, had I that French Rogues Tongue in my mouth if I would not bite it off as close to the root as ever Barber shav'd beard.

*Mill.* We will watch their coming out and beat 'em

*E. Taylor,* Agreed. *Exe.* E. *Taylor and Milliner.*

*French.* Well, what is your lowest price of these things?

*F. Taylor.* Ma foi, a hundred Pistol.

*French.* Lacquie, bid my Vale de Chambre pay a hundred Pistol—adieu.

*F. Taylor.* Mounsieur votre serviteur tres humble: *Exe. French*
We did much disgrace the English Man's. *Taylor & Merchant, they*

*Merchant,* Begar me laugh to think how they *meet with* sneakt away. [*the E. Taylor and Milliner who wait for 'em.*

*E. Taylor.* And d'ee know the faces of those Englishmen again if ye see them.

*Merchant.* Methinks they be very much like you in visage.

*Mill.* You are in the right, we are the men you call'd sheeps in Mounsieurs Chamber.

*F. Taylor.* Begar me no like that they have—the English anger in their face, now would me could take five strides for one to be rid of 'em,

*E. Taylor.* My fine Mounsieur we staid here to have the honour

of being better known to you, and do intend to do your ears the favour in making them acquainted with our fists.—Therefore thus with our fists we salute your ears. *They throw 'in down and beat them hugely.*

F. *Merchant.* Is this the English fashion to take acquaintance? begar the English butcher takes acquaintance with his Calf—so that he bills him.

F. *Taylor.* The French Gentleman does no fight with his hands, but with his Rapier, therefore we challenge you to meet us to morrow in the field to give Mounsieur la Merchant and my self satisfaction.

*Mill.* Well we'l meet you to morrow in *Southampton fields*, ———there we shall be private. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

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# ACT the II. SCENE the I.

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*Enter Mrs.* Crafty *alone.*

*Mrs. Crafty.* THis life of mine can last no longer than my Beauty, and though 'tis pleasant now, I want nothing whilst I am Mr. *Welbred's* Mistriss, yet if his mind should change, I might e'ne sell Oranges for my Living, and he not buy one of me to relieve me. It came into my head last night that this ridiculous fellow Mr. *Frenchlove* I might get for my Husband by the help of fortune, and a little Parson that useth to marry privately. If I could but light handsomely into his Company, I am confident I know

know a rare way to tickle this Trout. They say he affecteth all things that are French, and despiseth English, therefore will I affect the garb of a French woman, and jear at all English women and their fashions. This is the French shop where he uses to buy Essences and Gloves, thither will I go. And if I can meet him luckily, I shall feel his pulse to know what Physick is fit for my Mounsieur's Diseases—yonder comes the Mounsieur, my wish't for object. *Enter Frenchlove.*

Fortune begins as if she would be my friend. Have you any thing that is newly come out of *France?*

*Shop-keeper.* Ouy Madam, me have all the rarest things of *Paris*, the smell of the Orange Jessemy, Violet and Rose, all grow in my Gloves and Essences as natural as upon the trees.

*Crafty.* Come shew me some French Pendants and Gloves off the pretty French fancie.

*Shoop keeper.* Madam, I shall shew you the Rarity of *France.*

*Crafty.* I must make use of some Discourse to please this *aside.*

*French love's* ears—I came from the Exchange, where I saw a flock of English Ladies buying taudry trim'd Gloves, of the dull English fancy; Pink, Scarlet and Yellow together one chose; another Black, Red and Blew, and Pendants like Hawks Bells, and these Ladies were making themselves fine for a Ball in the City, where they enamour the hearts of every foreman of the shop, and they to express their passions, instead of languishing, eye-casts and sighs do stare and groan, as if they were giving up the Ghost for those Ladies.

*French.* This must be some person of Quallity that has been in *France*, *I* know by her despising the English women. *aside.*

*Crafty*, Such Ladies as these are fit for our dull English Gentry, give me a young Gallant that after his being in *France*, returns so well bred, that he laughs at his own Country——the fool looks pleas'd at my discourse, he shall have more on't.

*French.* I must speak to her, she has charm'd my eyes and ears. *aside* Madam let me not appear a rude English man, by this presumption, of speaking to you, if it be a crime, you ought to pardon it, for I have seen no woman since my coming out of *France*, that would cause my admiration, but your self, besides your Celestial beauty, I adore the truths I heard spoke by your fair tongue.

*Crafty*, 'Tis my opinion, Sir, concerning our English Nation.

*French.* O—Madam your opinion is beautiful as well as your face.

 *Crafty*,

*Crafty*, Here Mounſieur how much muſt you have for your gloves?

*Shop keep.* Twenty, Madam.

*Crafty*, There is eighteen ——Sir your ſervant.

*French.* O Madam, I muſt be farther bold:

*Crafty*, In what Sir?

*French.* In beging leave to kiſs your Ladiſhips hand.

*Crafty*, Sir though I would not coyly refuſe you—like an Engliſh woman, yet I know not how to grant that.

*French.* I moſt humbly beg it.

*Crafty*, 'Tis not modeſty in me upon this ſmall acquaintance.

*French.* Madam if you'l give a beggar a piece of Bread that is ſtarving, deny me not this Almes.

*Crafty*, Well Sir I am loath to let you ſue for ſo ſmall a thing, yet I muſt bluſh and turn away my head to grant it.

*French.* Heaven reward your Charity. *Frenchlove leads her to the door*

*Crafty*, Your ſervant Sir. *and makes his reverence: ſhe looks back again.*

*French.* Give me leave to wait on you to your Coach.

*Crafty*, Now help me Fortune, and I'le ſnap wiſe Mr. *Frenchlove* in an Engliſh trap.

*Exit* Crafty.

*Exit* French. *at another door.*

*Enter the Engliſh Taylor and Millener into the place appointed to fight with the Frenchmen.*

*Milliner*, Theſe French Rogues are not come yet.

*Taylor*, But what ſhall we do with this Mattock and Spade.

*Mill.* I'le ſecure thee, they are weapons ſhall do us more good Then our Swords, let's fall a digging a couple of Graves.

*Taylor*, Well and what of that.

*Mill.* Why I believe the very ſight of it will be ſo terrible to our two Frenchmen, that meer fancy will make them turn *Aſtrologers* in their own defence, and gueſs the fate of their own Starrs, ——is for them to be buried in theſe two Graves we are digging, if they fight with us—O yonder they come.

*Enter*

*Enter French Taylor and Merchant, they look about and see not the English.*

F. *Taylor*, The devill a one Englifh man be here.

*Merchant*, Begar me poft 'em up in *Paris* for the two Coward.

F. *Taylor*, And me tell the King of *France's* Taylor, come let's begon.

*Eng.* T*aylor*, Dee hear you Frenchmen ftay a little, the two Englifh Cowards you think will not come, are here already.

F. T*aylor*, Me have no one eye then to fee 'em.

E. T*aylor*, Yes yes, caft your French eye a little this way, and you'l fee the men you challeng'd.

F. T*aylor*, O—meshink you be the men.

E. T*aylor*, Indeed we are fo, and have been digging two Graves to bury you two in, and now are ready for you; (*the French ftart back, and draw.*
Nay pray hold a little before we go to't,
*Mr.* French Taylor—I muft take meafure of you.

*F.* T*aylor*, Why do you do fo *Mr.* Englifh.

E. T*aylor*, Only to fee if I have made your grave fit? Faith tis juft, now as concerning our wager, I will lay thee the price of the triming a fuite of Cloathes, that I hit my Frenchman at the firft thruft, in the fwallow, that he fhall never eat again.

*Mill.* And I will lay thee the making up of a fuite of Cloaths, that I cleave my Frenchmans head juft in the middle, for I'me refolv'd to fight with this Mattock, therefore deliver up both your Swords, and agree to all our demands; firft give us half the mony you took for your ware in Mr. *Frenchlove's* Chamber, when you hindred us of—Cuftome: in the next place, when ever we have any thing to fell, you fhall carry it to him, and fay it came out of *France.*

*F.* T*aylor*, Well *Mr.* Englifhmen, we'd dye before we would do this, if it were not to teach you two rude Englifhmen Complizance. *Exeunt Omnes at feveral doors.*

Enter

*Enter* Welbred *and* Comely.

*Com.* Come prethree let's contrive how to make some sport with *Vaine* and *Frenchlove*.

*Wel.* Let's invite my Lady *Wealthy* and the other Ladies to a Ball, and have *Frenchlove* and *Vaine* there.

*Com.* Agreed, I like it well. *Enter first* Crafty.

1 *Crafty*, I would not expect a better beginning, then my first opportunity, I will impart my design to Mr. *Welbred*——O yonder he is.

*Wel.* Mrs. *Crafty* well met, your head looks full of business.

*Crafty*, I have some with you Sir——— *takes him aside.*

*Wel.* You have non that I won't do, if it lyes in my power.

*Crafty*, I thank you Sir, (then this it is) I suppose you know Mr. *Frenchlove*.

*Wel.* Very well, would you were married to him.

*Crafty*, Shall I have your assistance?

*Wel.* Withal my heart.

*Crafty*, I have been in his company already, I heard of a French Shop he frequented, there I design'd to meet him, there I did, and affected the garb and humour of a French woman, hearing he despised all English: I could not expect better success in my first adventure, then I found. For he seem'd to like me so well, that he beg'd leave to wait on me at my Lodging, to which I seem'd very unwilling, but at last granted it, not a word of this to Mr. *Comely*.

Welbred *whispers* Comely *and tels him.*

*Well.* Why so, by all means let him know it, he is a person will assist you.

*Comely*, Fie Mistriss *Crafty*, I take it ill you bid *Welbred* not tell me of your design, I shall further it all I can, you have a sister too that am obliged to, whom I will endeavour to get married to Mr. *Vaine*.

*Crafty*, I thank you Sir, Mr. *Welbred* your Servant, I cannot stay now, for I expect *Frenchlove* at my lodging. *Exit* Crafty.

*Well.* These two fellows, *Frenchlove* and *Vaine* are like to be well Wiv'd.

*Comely*, I hope the plot will take;—here comes my Lady *Wealthy*, and other Ladies.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady* V Vealthy *and other Ladies.*

*Well.* Madam, this fine Evening is our friend since it has brought you hither.

*L.Weal.* 'Troth *Welbred* had I thought to have met no other Company then you, I should not have come.

*Well.* That is to say, you would not have come two hours ago, when I was not here—but you would have come now Widdow.

*L.Weal.* Well Sir, i'le have nothing to say to you till you can leave this impudent way of Discourse—Mr. *Comely*, when shall we have the fidlers and be merry.

*Comely*, As soon as you'l command them Madam.

*L. Weal.* To night then, and let us have *Frenchlove* and *Vaine.*

*Comely*, I dare ingage for *Frenchlove*, but for *Vaine* I know not what to say, for he's a fellow that so belies all Women, that I could never get him near any.

*L. Weal.* I never saw this fellow yet—

*Well.* No, nor never shall Madam—for we askt him one day if he were acquainted with you; and he answer'd us with a counterfeit smile—as much as to say, he was intimately, so that he will as soon be shut up with a Lioness in her Den, as come near you.

*L.Weal.* This fellow shall be your Rival, for he's yet a degree more impudent then you.

*Well.* Away, I shall never live to see him or any man else, My Rival.

*L Weal.* How now manners, de'e think I cannot love no body else but you.

*Wel.* I think as good, I think you shan't.

L.*Weal.* Take heed young man you'l shew your teeth too soon.

*Wel.* Faith Widdow I'le shew thee all I have to do thee good.

*Enter*

*Enter* Frenchlove *leading Mrs.* Crafty.

L. *Weal.* Who comes here?

*Comely*, Upon my life *Frenchlove* with his Mistress.

L. *Weal.* Why who is that.

*Com.* One Mrs. *Crafty*.

L. *Wea.* That gentlewoman I hear has been very civil to you.

*Comely*, If she has Madam, I am endeavouring to return it, in geting her married to Mr. *Frenchlove*.

L. *Weal.* That shews good nature in you, but I dout you'l want a Wife your self then.

*Wel.* No that I shan't do as long as you live.

L. *Weal.* Well Sir, please your self with that fancy.

*Comely*, Madam let us conceal our selves in this Arbour, we shall either see or hear some very pleasant thing of *Frenchlove* as he walks with his Lady. *they stand close.*

*French.* Madam, leading your Ladyship put's me in mind of *France*.

*Crafty*, Why Sir.

*French.* Because you lead so like the French Ladies.

*Crafty*, This is because you lead me like the French Gentlewomen.

*L. Weal.* O——cunning Wench. *aside.*

*French.* I must confess I do so Madam, and really unless a person has been long in *France*, he knows not how to lead a Lady with a boon grace. *(he looks on the ground.*

*Crafty*, Sir, why look you so earnestly on the ground.

*French.* I'le lay a hundred Pistols, here has been three English Ladies walking up before us.

*Crafty*, How can you tell Sir?

*French.* By being in *France*.

*Crafty*,—What a Devil can he mean. *aside.*

*French.* I have often in *France* observ'd in Gardens, when the Company us'd to walk after a small shower of Rain, the impressions of the French Ladies feet, I have seen so much boon mean in their footsteps, That the King of *France's* Matre de Daunce, could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In this walk I find the toes of English Ladies ready to tread one upon another.

*Crafty*,

*Crafty*, I must confess Sir, so nice an observation as this,—
Belongs only to a person of great breeding. *they laugh conceal'd.*

*L. weal.* O——rare Wench.

*French.* Madam I esteem my self very happy in this hour wherein I have opportunity to present my passion to you in a French garb, that I may not look like dull English love.

*Crafty*, Sir, I shall endeavor to requite it by receiving it after the French way.

*L. weal.* O——notable Wench——come let's meet them, (*aside*,
Mr. *Frenchlove*, you are met very opportunely, *they discover*
We design'd to have your company to night at a Ball, *themselves.*
VVhich I now desire of you.

*French.* I shall not fail to kiss your Ladiships hands.

*L. weal.* I hope you'l favor us with your company too,

*Crafty*, I shall wait upon your Ladiship——Mr. *welbred*, I hope you have not told my Lady *Wealthy*?

*well.* But I have, and these your friends, (*Exit Lady* VVealthy,

*L. weal.* VVe shall expect you both. *and the rest at one door.*

*Crafty*, I see all Ladies desire your company.

*French.* I know not upon what score, but I must confess French-Englishmen are not common, though none can command my heart, but your Illustrious eyes—— *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Vaine *in his Chamber, with* Jack Arch *his Boy.*

*Vain.* Boy what's a Clock.

*Arch.* VVhat need you know Sir, you sit in your Chamber all day.

*Vain.* Pox on't how this Rogue, he knows my course of life to a Hair,——why sirrah would you have me go abroad.

*Arch.* Yes Sir, I would have wait upon Ladies as other young Gentlemen do.

*Vain.* VVhy so, I would sirrah with all my heart, but thou know'st I am acquainted with none; do'st thou know any, *Arch*?

*Arch.* Yes Sir, I know one.

*Vain.* VVho is't?

*Arch.* VVhy Sir, 'tis my Mother, she lives in a little Cellar yonder in *Holborn.*

*Vaine*, Out—you impudent Rogue!

*Arch.* Nay Sir, be not angry, I meant it for your Entertainment, that you might not sit at home all day in your Lodging.

*Vaine*, Sirrah, don't you think I should speak to a Woman very well, if I were acquainted with any?

*Arch.* I can't tell that, but I'me sure you speak of 'em very largely, that's one reason I would have you make my Mother a Visit, that I might hear you talk to her, to know what manner of Discourse you would make use of, if there should ever happen an accident of your getting acquaintance with any woman.

*Vaine*, Saucy boy, thy Mother is——no Gentlewoman.

*Arch.* Yes Sir, I have heard her say she is by the Fathers side.

*Vain*, Why sirrah, you told me she was a Tradesman's daughter.

*Arch.* True Sir, most Tradesmen's Children are Gentlemen by the Fathers side. (*Knocking within.*)

*Vaine*, Go see who knocks at door.

*Arch.* Sir—Mr. *Welbred.*

*Vaine*, Waite on him in, and be sure sirrah remember your Cues, if you here me talking of women.

*Arch.* You'l raise my wages then.

*Vaine*, Well, well, sirrah.

## *Enter* VVelbred.

*Well.* Sir, 'tis a wonder to find you in your Chamber. *Letters lie up and down the Table superscrib'd for women.*

*Vaine*, 'Troth Sir, I have been dispatching some Letters.

*Well.* I see you have Sir, and every one of them directed to women.

*Arch.* Sir, what answer shall I give my Ladies Gentlewoman.

*Vaine*, Sirrah, I shall cut out that Tongue of yours.

*Well.* Nay Mr. *Vain*, be not angry with the boy, 'tis no secret, your great acquaintance with women is known all over the Town. Sure no man did ever lye before this Fellow, i'le try how great a lie I can make him tell. *aside*

As I was coming along the street, I met a Funeral, and they said 'twas a maiden hearse.

*Vaine*, Alas poor heart, she was buried to night it seems.

*Well.* Why Mr *Vaine*, did you know her.

*Vaine*,

*Vaine*, Yes Sir, the Doctors said they could not find what kill'd her, but Mr. *welbred*, betwixt you and I, 'twas grief.

*well*. O Mr. *Vaine*, I apprehend you, 'twas for love of you, I find.

*Vaine*, I don't say, so Sir; but I must confess I had some expressions from her upon her death bed, indeed the last words she said were Oh! Mr. *Vaine*, Mr. *Vaine*!

*well*. And the last words I say of your Worship, are, O Mr. Lyer, Mr. Lyer *aside*

*well*. Well Sir, I come to tell you that your Company to night at a ball is desired by my Lady *wealthy*, and other Ladies.

*Vaine*, I shall not fail Sir, unless some great business hinders me. *Vaine waits on him to the door* Exit V. Well.

*well*. Your Servant Sir—

*Vaine*, What a Devil made me say I would be at the ball, I have so bely'd all women, that I dare no more come where they are, then a Rat would into a Room where there is nothing but Cats.

*Arch*. Sir, with your Worships favour, you are the greatest lyer that ever was, for you not only bely the Bodies of women, but their Souls too, the first word that ever you heard of this woman that dyed was by Mr. *Welbred*.

*Vaine*, Sirrah hold your prating.

*Arch*. I am resolv'd to go serve Mr. *Welbred*, if you will not now raise my wages—and tell the whole course of your life.

*Vaine*, Well sirrah i'le give you twenty shillings a year more; this humour of mine keeps me in awe of my own foot boy, and yet I cannot leave it. *Exeunt*.

*Enter Lady* V. *Wealthy and other Ladies, and* Comely *as to the Ball*.

*L. Weal*. Truely Mr. *Comely*, I have not heard of better natur'd men then you and Mr. *Welbred*, for endeavouring to get your Mistrisses well married; but most commonly you young men never think of those kindnesses till you'r weary of the Faces: It seems you reserve Mr. *Vaine* for your Mistris.

*Comely*, Indeed Madam, I think we have pitch'd upon two as fitting Husbands for 'em as can be, for they want wives with wit, and the women Husbands with Money.

*L. weal.* I wonder *Frenchlove* and his Lady are not here yet, pray speak to the Musick to play——

*They play As the Musick is playing; Enter Frenchlove & Crafty after he has made his reverence to the Company he beats the time of the Corant false.*

*Alsworth*, Sir, you don't beat the time right.

*French.* How's that, then 'tis damn'd English time you play——

*Alsworth*, Yes Sir, it is so.

*French.* Oh—that is the justness of my ear, that onely keeps French time.

*Alsworth*, Sir, French time and English time, and all one.

*French.* Hold your prating Fairie Fidler.

*Alsworth*, Sir, Upon account I will play with any man in *France*,

*French.* I do intend to speak to the King to morrow in a business that shall be for your advantages.

*Fidlers*, We give you thanks Sir.

*French.* It is that ye may be allshipt away for *France*, and I shall give every one of you a Letter of Recommendations to the King of *France's* Violins to entertain you as their Servants, and so teach you the French way of play, and de'e hear you Alderman Fidler, don't you love Beef extreamly.

*Atkins*, Yes Sir.

*French.* Leave eating on't, you'l never play a good Base else; you must all expect to be dieted when you are in *France*, and Dine of cold Sallets three times a week.

*L. weal.* Come Mr. *Frenchlove*, will you dance a Corant.

*French.* Withall my heart Madam, if these Fidlers could play the right French time.

*They play, and he takes L.* Wealthy *by the hand as to begin, but finds fault with their playing and will not Dance.*

*L. weal.* Let them try.

*French.* Madam, excuse me 'tis impossible to Dance to their playing.

*L. weal.* This fool cannot Dance, and so puts it off. *aside.*

## *Enter* Welbred.

*Welbred*, What are you all mad good people, to have Musick and no Dancing, why, how now *Mr. Frenchlove* won't you let these Ladies see your rare Quality.

*French.*

*French.* Sir, 'tis impossible to Dance with the French Violins: Madam I shall beg the favour of a song from your Ladyship.

1 *Lady*, Mark Madam, how I will catch his French Judgment *aside* Now first I will sing you an English song, and then a French one to have your opinion of both. *She sings now I confess.*

F. *Dial.* Englishmen make songs of stormy works, as if they meant fighting—not loving, Madam, by your pardon *she sings a foolish* bestow a French song upon us. *French song.*

What Excellent words, and Air French songs are made of

*L. weal.* Sir, I admire your matchless Judgment in all things, and envy Mrs. *Crafty*, who I hear has the pleasure of your Company from all other women, you shew your Judgment in placing your affection upon so deserving a Person as she is, for Beauty and Breeding.

*well.* Hark ye *Comely*, your Mrs. stays without to speak *aside* with you, so when the ball is done i'le wait upon the Ladies home, that you may stay.

*L. weal.* Come Ladies 'tis late, let's go, Gentlemen your Servant. *Exeunt all but* Comely.

## *Enter Second* Crafty.

*Comely*, I was coming to you, *welbred* told me you were here.

2 *Craf.* I have but just time to tell you concerning the business of Mr. *Vain*, how my sister has advis'd me in't; he's a fellow comes near no sort of Company, so that I know not how to get acquainted with him, she bid me therefore write a Letter to him full of modest admiration of his Person; I told her this would make him smoak it, and think—Impudence in a woman

*Comely*, No, no, he has advis'd you well, to any knowing man t'would appear so, but to such an Ideot as he, 'twill take as quick as tinder. Is the Letter gone?

2 *Crafty*, Yes, yes, and I expect him here, I writ him word I would be walking in the *Spring Garden*.

*Comely*, My life on't the design takes—— O yonder he comes, let us conceal our selves.

*Enter*

*Enter* Vaine *and* Jack Arch.

*Vaine*, Prethee *Jack* look once more upon the superscription, I cannot believe 'tis to me from a woman.

*Jack*, Yes, yes Sir, it is for the Right Honourable Mr. *Vaine* Esquire.

*Vaine*, Prethee read the Letter once again. *Jack reads* Sir look not upon the weakness of a woman with a despising eye, since 'tis my Affection to your Person and Parts causes this shameful confession of mind, wherein I own I have a greater value for you than all mankind, blushing I set my hand to this.

*Vaine*, *Jack*, between you and I, this Letter I fear may be onely to bring me hither, and so trepan me into a beating; for I have spoken so largely of all Women, that I expect it one time or other.

Now do I apprehend meeting some over-grown Hector that knows I am a Coward, and then i'me sure to have forty blows more from him than any other man.

Therefore *Jack* have a nimble eye.

*Jack*, Sir, O, my Conscience yonder comes such a kind of man as your Worship was speaking of, for his shirt hangs out at his wast, and his Coller is unbutton'd.

*Enter Hector.*

*Vaine*, 'Tis so, let's slip aside to avoid him.

*Hector*, By *Jupiters* great toe i'll walk here these two hours, but i'll catch this slave, and if I light on him i'le beat him after the new way that I and my brother Kinsman invented last night, which all old fashion beating is nothing to.

*Vaine*, This is very hard, I am not only design'd to be beaten here to night, but after a new way to boot: Pox of all new fashions say I O *Jack*, what a fool was I to think any woman really could write such a Letter to me.

*Hector*, 'Tis the time he promis'd to be here, well the longer he stays away, the longer wil I be a swinging him.

Vaine

*Vaine*, This fellow is finely resolv'd, there is no way but one *Jack* for me to scape; all Hectors ever want money, therefore do thou go and offer him these five pieces to be pacified (*the Hector walks furiously.*

*Jack*, Sir, I suppose you know my Master.

*Hector*, I suppose you lye sirrah—your master may be in Hell for ought I know.

*Vaine*, 'Twas well guest, so I am, if Hell be a place of Torment.

*Jack*, A'n please you sir, are not you imployed as being a stout man to beat a Gentleman here this Evening.

*Hector*, I boy——it is your master then it seems.

*Jack*, Amongst friends, it is so sir.

*Hector*, *I* do intend to try if he be stockfish.

*Jack*, Nay pray sir, my Master has sent you five pounds to lay your fury, and protests he loves you dearly (*He takes the money.*

*Hector*, O—*I* had forgot, your master's name is *Mr*—*Mr*——

*Jack*, Mr. *Vaine* an' please you sir.

*Hector*, *I*, *I*, the same, he's an honest Gentleman, if he be here boy tell him *I* am his humble Servant,

*Jack*, *I*'ll bring him to you strait. *Jack goes to his Master.*

*Hector*, This was rare luck, to get five pieces to forbear beating of a man, who for ought *I* know might have beat me: But now will *I* get more money out of my unknown Customer.

## *Mr.* Vaine *comes to the* Hector.

*Vaine*, My Noble Friend, your Servant,

*Hector*, Damme sir—upon what acquaintance, *I* know not one feature of your face, not so much as your Nose.

*Vaine*, Sir, my boy was with you but now with five pieces I presented you with.

*Hector*, Five Devils sure, you have a countenance looks as if you would be run through.

*Vaine*, Pardon me sir, I don't desire it—but indeed *I* sent you five pieces to forbear me.

*Hector*, Well sir, you did, and to tell you truth, *I* never intended, nor was imployed to beat you; perhaps you over heard me talking

ing of Cudgeling one, but 'twas not you.

*Vaine*, Nay then Sir, give me my money again.

*Hector*. Hold there, by the mistake *I* find you are a fellow that both will, and deserve to be beaten, so that if you don't give me five pounds more you shall have it strait.

*Vaine*, To shew you *I* don't value five pounds, here 'tis.

*Hector*, Now Sir, though this wont teach you Courage, yet it will teach you against another time not be a Coward before you need, and so your money and *I* bid you farewell. *Exit* Hector.

## *Enter* Second Crafty.

*Comely*, Now do you appear.

*Vain*. VVas there ever such ill Luck as this *Jack*?

*Jack*, True Sir, but yonder I think comes as good, I believe the Lady that writ to you.

*Vain*. Now I am so daunted, that I fear 'tis a man in woman's cloathes, prethee peep *Jack*, and see if she has not a sword under her Coats, let's walk twice or thrice by her, before I venture to speak to her. *(they walk by one another before they speak.*

2 *Crafty*, I am confident this is he, by the description *Comely* gave me of him, I must use some means to make him speak to me; O—tis he, O that I were no woman, that I might take acquaintance with him. *aside.*

*Vaine*, She means me *Jack*, now will I speak to her,
Madam may I ask your name?

2 *Crafty*, I do not use to tell it men, and yet I will to you,
My name is *Crafty*?

*Vaine*, The very sound doth sanctifie my ears.
Know you this Letter Madam?

2 *Crafty*, VVould I could say I did not, for then this face would wear a thousand fewer blushes then it doth, however these Lines have betray'd my mind, VVorthy Sir, think it not amiss of me, 'tis the first folly Love e're prompt'd me to!

*Vain*. So far I am from such a thought, as I adore you, yet truly Madam 'tis not the first Letter by forty that I have received from women in this kind, though I never esteem'd any but yours, pray pull off that envious Mask, it clouds my Heaven. *(She pulls off her Mask.*
So through thickest clouds, when *Phœbus* break's,

his

his light appears more glorious. May these eyes ever look upon me with Pity, and then I am blest.

2 *Crafty*, Did not you hear a great noise in the Garden just now.

*Vain.* Yes Madam, one of these talking Hectors was prating very loud, and I met him, he began to Huff me, not knowing who I was, but afterwards he askt my name, and that quieted him.

*Craf.* I am very glad Sir, it came not to a quarrel, & now I must take my leave for this time, desiring you to forget the letter I writ to you.

*Vaine*, Madam my heart must still remember you, and all things of you, before you go, I crave admittance to wait upon your Ladyship at your Lodging, as often as my love, to you, desires it.

2 *Crafty*, Sir after so great a shew as I have made to you already of my kindness; 'twere folly in me to deny it! Your Servant.

*Vaine*, Give me leave to wait on you to your Coach?

2 *Crafty*, No Sir, 'twill not be convenient, there are Ladies in the Coach stay for me.

*Vaine*, Farewell Transparent-Diamond. *Exit* Vaine *and his Boy.*

2 *Crafty*, Farewell thou Transparent-Fool. Comely *appears.*

*Comely*, O VVench the Plot has took rarely,

2 *Crafty*, Beyond expectation!

*Com.* Come let's away, and thank Fortune for what is past, and court her for what is to come. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lady*-VVealthy *as in her own House with her Woman.*

*L.*Wea. As sure as can be this Gaming servant of mine has been at play, that I have not seen him lately.

*Woman*, Truly Madam, for all that humour of his, I believe he loves you very well.

*L.* Weal. Hark, some body knocks at the Chamber door? Woman *goes to the door.*

*Woman*, 'Tis Mr. *Welbred*, Madam. *Enter* Welbred *with a little* Parson.

*Wel.* Stay you here till I call.

*L. weal.* O Sir, I thought you had been lost?

*Wel.* No that I am not, but I have lost, that's worse.

*L. weal.* O—your mony at play, I thought as much by my being honor'd now, with your presence; why I have not seen you this seven years.

*Welbred*, I am glad you think so Widdow, but I tell you 'twas not half an hour ago since you saw me.

*L. Weal.* Why, how so prethee?

*Wel.* 'Twas but half an hour ago since I clear'd my Pockets.

*L. Weal.* But you don't reckon how long the time was since you had mony.

*Welbred*, No Faith, nor did I ever in my life; take it upon my word, a winning Gamester can never reckon those pleasant minutes. A Plague of all ill Luck, I lost seven to four at least, half a dozen times to night! I'le make you understand the severity of my fortune, tis so much a better chance than four, as I think of my conscience I could lay thee upon it, against hundred pounds in Gold.

*L. Weal.* I thank you for your Demonstration, sweet Sir, and I do verily believe were I in your power, you would lose me at play too, in one week; therefore you and I will keep at a distance. What your Foot-mans in mourning for your losses, and he's as impudent as his Master, he comes into my Chamber without knocking. *Little* Parson *comes in.*

*Parson*, Mr. *welbred* will you be married to day.

*L. Weal.* What's the meaning of this?

*Wel.* He's no Foot-man Madam, he's a Parson.

*L. weal.* A Parson; what makes a here?

*Wel.* Truly I brought him along with me to marry us, if you'r in the same mind as I am.

*L. weal.* Now can't I hold from laughing at thy Extravagant humour, thought I could find in my heart to have you beat down stairs!

*wel.* Prethee Widdow be not angry, by my lost Maiden-head, I love thee, a thing if I had agen, I would bestow it upon thee—— with a good will. I shall make an excellent Husband, very kind and very often.

*L. weal.* Hark y'e, I command y'e begone, i'le never see your face again else?

*Wel.* Nay then I Obey, come Parson, you and I must defer this business till another time, and Widdow give me leave to tell you, you stand in your own Light, and have lost a fair opportunity of being well married. Wel. *and* Parson *are going out.*

*L. Weal.* Stay Mr. *welbred*, i'le take your councel, i'le have you before you go.

*wel.* Oh—is your stomack come down.

*Parson*,

*Parson*, So, then i'le make ready my Book, and put on my Spectacles.

L. *Weal.* I suppose you know the Vow I have made?

*Wel.* Not I, what is't?

L. *Weal.* Why 'tis, that the Parson who marries us, shall have ten Pieces in Gold, if you love me so well, you'l not refuse to give him that.

*Parson*, A very Pious Lady.

*Wel.* Parson you lye, she's a wicked woman, she knows I have not a Groat; well Widdow, if you'l disburse the mony, i'le pay you again out of your first half years Rent:

L. *Weal.* Another time, Sir, but I won't stay you now, I shall keep you so long from the groom Porters!

*Wel.* O thou gilting woman;

L. *Weal.* Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier.

*Wel.* Come Parson let's march, she ha's made a Fool of me, and I have made a Fool of thee.

L. *Weal.* Unkind Mr. *Welbred*, you will go then, I shall sigh This two daies, ha, ha, ha, *laughs at him as he goes out.* Hark ye, give the Porter warning when ever he comes next, not to let him till he calls you, and then do refuse to let him see me, unless he can shew you an hundred pound in Gold and say, I gave you this order; I fain would break him of that humour, because I love him?

*Woman*, It shall be done Madam. *Exeunt.*

# ACT the III. SCENE the .I

## *Enter the two* French *Tradesmen, and the two English.*

*Eng. Taylor,* HEre, these things you must sell off for us to day, we will give you something out on't for your pains Friend; And watch your coming out for fear you cozen us. *He knocks at the door.*

*Enter* Frenchlove

*French.* O welcome, have you brought more things out of *France*?
*F. Taylor,* Ouy Monsieur,
*French.* Methinks ye speak very melancholy;
*F. Taylor,* Monsieur, the English air no agree with the Frenchman.

*Enter*

*Enter* Comely.

*Comely*, Mr. *French*, your Servant, what you are alwaies buying the rare fashions of *France*: *they shew him new fashions*

*French*. Sir, are they not very fine?

*Com*. O extream!

*French*. Sir, 'tis impossible the hand of an English Taylor should have set on any one knot of the Garniture of these two suits.

*Comely*, Now will I hold my life they were mad by an English Taylor.

*French*. Well, what must you have for these Cloaths?

*F. Taylor*, Mounsieur, 150. Pistols for the two suits and the Feather;

*French*. Here, I have just such a summ in my Pockets.

*F. Taylor*. Monsieur, serviteur tres humble. *goes away.*

*French*. Hei Lacquie, lay up these cloaths.

*E. Taylor*, O you have sold our Ware it seems, come, to the next Tavern and then we'l have our Mony.

*Ex. French and English.*

*Enter* VVelbred *and* Vaine.

*Wel*. Mr. *Frenchlove* your servant, I have brought a very worthy Gentleman to kiss your hands, Mr. *Vaine*. (*they salute.*

*French*. Gentlemen if you please let's dine together?

*Wel*. Agreed.

*Vaine*, *I* know a Cooks shop has the best boil'd and rost Beef of any in Town.

*French*. Sir, since you are a stranger to me, *I* only ask you what you mean, but were you acquainted with me, *I* should take your greasie proporsion as an affront to my pallat.

*Vaine*, Sir, *I* only meant by the consent of this Company to dine well together.

*French*. De'ye call dining well, to eat out of a French house—an English Cook's shop is Hell.

*Vaine*, Sir, *I* understand ye'e as little as you do Beef.

*French*. Why then, to interpret my meaning plainly, if ever you make me any such offer again expect to hear from me the next morning.

*Vaine*, What, that you could not dine with me?

*French*. No sir, that I will fight with you.

*Vaine*,

*Vaine*, I see you are excellent good Company *Mr. Frenchlove* by your railing.

*French.* Per dein sir, I don't rally, neither shall you with my pallet.

*Well. Mr. Vaine*, don't pursue this Discourse, you'r both Gallant men, and there may be blood-shed; besides sir, this is a Gentleman that has writ an History of all the best *French* Cooks that ever was, and will discourse more Learnedly upon this subject than any man in the world.

*French.* In short sir, I can only tell you that I had once a Dispute with a certain Person in this kind, who defended the English way of eating: whereupon I sent him a challenge, as any man that has been in *France* would have done, we fought, and I kill'd him, and where about d'e guess I hit him?

*Vaine*, I warrant you in the small guts.

*French.* I run him through his mistaken pallat, which made me think the hand of Justice guided my Sword.

*Vaine*, I like not this fellow's Conversation *aside.* Gentlemen, I must borrow my self from your Society, for I am to dine with a Lady in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields.*

*French.* How's that sir? where abouts lives that Lady?

*Vaine*, Lives, why? here —— in my breast.

*French.* Why then, give me leave to tell you she has but a stinking life on't, since you are so great a Beef Eater; but to be more plain, where doth she lodge?

*Vaine*, In one of the New Houses.

*French.* Diabol, I fear 'tis my Mistriss, if it be, and this fellow stout, I am undone, however i'le put on a

Face *aside*

Sir I have a Mistriss liv's in the same Row, and therefore along with me and shew me this House; if it proves the same, one of our shirts must be dyed with another colour.

*Welbred*, Nay Gentlemen, we'l not leave you to your selves in these distempers, we'l wait on you; *Comely*, this will be a pleasant scene of mirth, thou knowst the two sisters live in this house, let's offer our selves to be their seconds.

*Comely*, Agreed.

*Mr. Vaine*, be pleas'd to let me be your second in this business; and thus much I assure you, *Frenchlove* is a rank Coward.

*Vaine*, I am glad to hear it. *aside*

Sir,

Sir if he fights with me, I had rather he were as stout as Hector.

*Mr. Frenchlove*, let me serve you with my Sword, I'le secure you, *Vaines* an errant Coward.

*French.* Sir, I shall be the sorrier for't if he fights with me, but I would not for a 1000 Pistols he were otherwise. *aside*

*Well.* Come *Mr. Vaine*, will you go?

*Vaine* I'me ready sir.

*Comely*, *Mr. Welbred*, you are Mr. *Vaines* friend, and I am Mr. *Frenchloves*, then lead us the way and we'l follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Sisters walking, as in* Lincoln's-Inn *Walk.*

1 *Crafty*, I wonder I have not seen my ala-mode Servant to day.

2 *Crafty*, Nor I, my new sprung Mushroom sweet-heart.

1 *Crafty*, Sister if ever we get them for our Husbands, we'l change every half hour for diversion.

2 *Crafty*, Well, they have both very good Estates, and therefore very fine Gentlemen, take heed we don't reckon our chiken before they are hatcht.

1 *Crafty*, No, no, we're reckoning our Calves when we talk of them.

2 *Crafty*, Thou art a mad wench.

1 *Crafty*, Faith not so mad as they will be if they marry us. Come let's sit under these trees, and talk of them and think of others. *(They sit down.*

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*Enter*

*Enter the four as to the Duel.*

## SCENE IV.

*French.* Now, sir, which is the house.

*Vaine,* 'Tis that 're against us.

*French.* The very house my Saint inhabits. Mr. *Welbred,* not that I care to know, but are you sure *Vaine* is not stout?

*Well.* I am upon my word.

*French.* Sir, your owning the house makes my Blood boil within me, therefore without farther examination pull off your Doublet, passion and love unburtons mine and throws it off.

*Vaine,* Mr. *Comely,* not that I'de give two pence to know, but are you sure *Frenchlove* is not stout?

*Comely,* 'Tis, true, believe me.

*Vaine,* The same causes that pulls off your Doublet, as quick shall pull off mine.

*French.* Gentlemen, what mean you by this delay in such a business, if you're at your prayers, they are too long for this occasion. (Comely *and* Well. *whisper.*

*Well.* O *Comely,* we are ruin'd.

*French.* Why, what's the matter, will ye not fight?

*Comely,* Yes, but this Devil must be turn'd another way.

*Vaine,* As how?

*Well.* We two must fight against you Gentlemen; we can clear your mistakes by our own misfortunes. They are two beautiful sisters, lives in that house, we have long been hopeless Servants too; now our despairs are more increas'd by being Rival'd by you two: *Mr. Frenchlove* you being the man that enjoy the affection of my Mistriss the eldest.

*Comely,* And you *Mr. Vaine* the man that hath the heart of my Mistriss the youngest: Indeed a friend of ours told us these sad truths this morning, so *Mr. Vaine* go you to *Mr. Frenchlove's* side and then we are ready for you.

*French.*

*French.* By your pardon Gentlemen, no man shall be my second that commends an English Cook, or that ever thought Beef good meat.

1. *Crafty,* Sure yonder are four men with their Doublets off, as if they were going to fight. *(women spies 'em*

2 *Crafty,* 'Tis, so, let's hasten to prevent them. *(they come up close to them.*

Gentlemen, hold your hands.

1 *Crafty,* Mr. *Frenchlove,* Heaven defend, are my eyes false or is it you?

2 *Crafty,* Bless me and Mr *Vain,* what means this dismal sight.

*French.* Madam, there's no hurt done; but, truely I think here had if Mr. *Vaine* had lov'd the French way of eating.

1 *Crafty,* How so I pray sir?

*French.* Why, then he'd been my second, for I have resolv'd no man ever shou'd that eats after the English way.

1 *Crafty,* A happy deliverance, but what's the quarrel?

*French.* Concerning your two fair selves, with these two Gentlemen.

1 *Crafty,* Who, Mr. *welbred,* and Mr. *Comely?* I wonder they can be so impudent to fight for us, since we have always slighted them.

*well.* Will you still continue your Cruelties, Ladies?

1 *Crafty,* Will we live you shou'd ask us.

*Well.* O what a sad day is this!

2 *Crafty,* Sure Mr. *Comely* you have known few better as to us.

*well.* Come let's be gone, we shall but hear our miseries repeated; we slighted Lovers are only fit companions for our selves. *Exeunt* Com. *and* Well.

*French.* To tell you truth Madam, the occasion that brought us hither into the field, was a mistake betwixt this noble Gentleman and my self; for he was talking of going to a Lady, whom he was a Servant to, living in

I demanded of him to shew the house, which proving to be yours, and not knowing you had a sister, Jealousie then enflam'd my love, immediately we drew, and to't had gone, but that the other two Gentlemen clear'd the mistake.

*Vaine,* Yes indeed, we were just running a tilt one at another.

1 *Crafty,* No 'twas running tilt one from another. *aside*

Thanks be to Heaven that you are both safe now, & pray Gentlemen hereafter avoid having any disputes with one another, 'twil make

my sister and I unhappy, since we have both concerns.

And truly Mr. *Vaine*, a to Meats, Cloaths, Powders, Essences, and those kind of things cast your cap at 'em, and never argue it with Mr. *Frenchlove*; for he's an absolute Demonstrator in such cases.

*Vaine*, Madam, I am perfectly *Mr. Frenchlove's* humble servant, but I must confess I don't love to hear boil'd or rost Beef spoke against.

2 *Crafty*, I sir, but extream wel-bred persons value it, but as the flesh of a Beast.

1 *Crafty*, Sister we must stickle between these two Coxcombs, for they'l be falling out every day. *aside*

Gentlemen be plea'd to walk in, and share with us in an ill Dinner. *Exeunt.*

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## SCENE V.

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*Enter* VVelbred *as going to my Lady* VVealthies *House.*

*well.* Well I find when ever my Pockets are emptiest of money, I am fullest of love, therefore will I go make t'other visit to my widdow, and see if this windy woman sit's in so cold a corner as she did when I left her. *(knocks at the door, Porter appears.*

*Wel.* Is your Lady within?

*Porter*, I am not sure sir, but i'le inform you strait, your patience a little sir.

*wel.* This fellow knows not my humour, I am alwaies very patient when I have no money. *Enter La. Gentlewoman.*

*Wel.* Is your Lady within Mistriss?

*Gent.* Yes sir.

*Wel.* I am glad on't— *he offers to go in*

*Gent.* Nay sir, whither so fast? *Wel.*

*Wel.* What a question that is? why to your Lady:

*Gent.* Why Sir, you must not see her unless you can shew me a hundred pieces in Gold.

*Wel.* How's that?

*Gent.* Nay 'tis true Sir, she has given me such order.

*Wel.* Pish, pish;

*Gent.* Nay never pish, I am not in jest;

*Wel.* I, but your Lady is I hope!

*Gent.* No but she is not.

*Wel.* Why then the Devil take her in earnest, and keep her till she's out of this humour, and so fare-well to ye both. *as he is going away, L. Weal. calls him out of the window.*

*L. Weal.* Mr. *Wilbred*, I hope you'l pardon me, I am at Leumbre and am a great winner, and then I never receive any visit from a losing Gamester.

*Wel.* Tyranizing Widdow, I hope thou'lt lose all back again, and ten times as much more, mai'st thou never draw for a black Dice, but it may prove redder then a Country wenches cheeks, maist thou never take up a Card, but Treies and Sixes, maist thou pay as often as I did t'other night, which was ten times together.

*L. Weal.* I see you love me, Sir, by wishing me equal to your self.

*Wel.* Love thee, I wish thy body may be a widdow these four-score years, that thou maist curse the cause that made thee lose thy Maiden-head. I hope the King will have a mark set upon the name of all widdows for men to avoid them.

*L. Weal.* Be not so passionate dear servant, faith methinks thou art a pretty fellow at this distance; I like thy good looks so well, or that now I shall never to make love heard me, poor thing be gone, I fear my heart has an Ague standing in the cold.

*Wel.* And as the horrid day has come this year, unsufferable tongu'd female, hold thy peace and let me in, else will I go do some Murder to be hang'd, to make thee cry for me.

*L. weal.* I like thy way of being reveng'd, therefore prethee about it quickly.

*Wel.* Well take your pleasure, farewell and be hang'd as you said you would. *Exeunt.*

## ACT the IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* Comely *in a Riding Garb, with his servant.*

*Comely.* LEt my Horses be brought ready to the door, for I'le go out of Town this Evening. *(Exit servant*

*Enter* Welbred.

*well.* Why, how now *Comely*, booted and spur'd?

*Comely*, Marry am I.

*wel.* For how long?

*Comely*, Why, for this seven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in't; as for women I am in love with none, nor never shal, I find I have a pretty strong defence about my heart against that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

*Enter Lady* VVealthy *and two other Ladies.*

To take my leave of e'm.

*L. weal.* Mr. *Comely* your Servant——what in a Riding Garb?

*Comely*,

*Comely*, A dress fitting for a Country Journey Madam.

*L. weal.* Why, can you ever leave this Town?

*Comely*, That I can truely Madam, within this hour.

*L. weal.* I can't believe it.

*Comely*, Were't not uncivil to get up a Horse-back before you; I would convince you strait; nay, I did think I should be wonder'd at by you all, as much as an Owl is amongst Birds: Very like now if I were in love with any one of you three, though I were on Horse-back, a kind look might dismount me again; but I thank fate I ne're had that perpetration of the heart; yea a Disease—as malignant and as catching as the Plague; and Reigns as the Plague does altogether in *London*: So that for my future health i'le retire into the Countrey for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and sleep so sound, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her——This resolution of mine has made me turn Poet, therefore before I go, you shall hear a Song called my farewell to *London* and women, boy sing the Song.

The

# The SONG.

1.

*Ladies farewell, I must retire,*
*Though I your faces all admire;*
*And think you Heavens in your kinds,*
*Some for Beauties, some for Minds:*
*If I stay, and fall in Love,*
*One of these Heavens, Hell would prove.*

2.

*Could I know one, and she not know it,*
*Perhaps I then might undergo it!*
*But if the least she guess my mind,*
*Straight in a Circle I'm confin'd;*
*By this I see who once doth Dote,*
*Must wave a woman's Livery Coat.*

3.

*Therefore this danger to prevent,*
*And still to keep my hearts content:*
*Into the Country I'le with speed,*
*With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed!*
*Both safer pleasures to pursue,*
*Then staying to converse with you.*

*La. Weal.*

L. *Weal.* Now Mr. *Comely*, would I give the world to see you soundly in Love after this Farewell Song of yours to all Women, I have heard the healthiest persons when once they fall into a Feaver, are most distemper'd.

*Comely*, Lady, faith you'l never see mee so, perhaps you may hear when I am in the Country, that I am in love with my Hounds if they run well, but as for falling in love with Woman, when ever I do i'le sell all my Estate, and purchase *Bedlam* to have it to my self, for 'twill be a house fit for no other kind of Madmen.

1 *Lady*, Come Madam, since the Gentleman's in such hast, let's leave him, he'l think we are fond of his Company, and would stay him in Town.

L. *Weal.* Mr. *Comely*, I wish you a good Journey. *They take leave.*

*Com.* Ladies, your most humble Servant. *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Wel.* You will go then it seems?

*Com.* Yes indeed will I, and dear *Welbred*, fare thee well, and since thou'rt in Love, I wish thee good luck with thy Widdow.

*Wel.* I find then you han't heard of my last visit to her?

*Com.* Why what's the matter?

*Wel.* I'le tell thee, when I came to the door, I was examined by her Gentlewoman, who told me her Lady had given her order not to let me in, unless I could shew an hundred pounds in Gold, I could sooner have rais'd the Devil, for be was in my Pocket; so that I was forc'd to retreat; and as I was marching off, she calls to me out of the window, and Jeers me.

*Comely. Welbred*, She shews thee this trick only because 'tis thy humour never to make her a Visit, when thou hast any mony: All the Town knows she loves thee, therefore prethee apply thy self close, and get her for thy Wife, she's a great Fortune for a younger Brother. One thing more I have to say to thee before I go, concerning the two Sisters whom we design'd to get married to Mr. *Frenchlove* and Mr. *Vaine*: Make *Vaine* believe the cause of my leaving *London*, is his enjoying the affection of my Mrs. and use all means for the marrying the two young women, and adieu, and when thou art weary of the Town, come live with me in the Country. *Exit* Welbred.

*Welbred*, Farewell dear Friend? *he's going off in hast and meets* William *Clown and* Elsbeth *Pritty, Clogs.*

*Comely*, Now i'le away, a country life
Shall be my Mistriss and my Wife.

*William*, Pray Gentleman, is not this the

place

place where the King and the Queen do walk, Thou art the first man *Elsbeth* and I have met with since we came to this huge Town, that wear Boots like our Gentlemen in *wiltshire.*

*Comely*, And did you two come to Town only to see the King and Queen?

*Will.* No, no, we come about this Maiden's Vather's Will.

*Comely*, And what's this maids name.

*Will.* Wouse man, one wou'd a thought thou hadst been a better Schollard then to have askt her name before mine,

*Comely*, Cry mercy friend, what's thy name.

*Will.* Friend do'st call me, how can'st tell I'me thy friend before thou knowst my name, I am called by all the folk that know me in *wiltshire.*

*Comely*, Honest *William* then, what's this Damsels name?

*Will.* Why her Cursen name is *Elsba*, her next name to that, I wous is *Pritty.*

*Comely*, By all the charmes of Beauty, a name as fit for her, as if Nature had Christen'd her, and were her God-mother as well as Mother. *aside.*

*Elsba.* Pray Sir, is there but one King, and but one Queen at *London?*

*Comely*, No pritty Mrs. *Pritty.*

*Elsba.* Hark *William*, he names my name twice in on breath.

Why Sir, then the King goes no finer dreſt then another man, nor the Queen then another woman, else *William*, i'le swear by that thing you are to have of me when we are married, we saw bove vorty, Kings and Queens to day.

*Comely*, Well, i'le carry *William* and you one day to see the King and Queen at Dinner.

*Elsba.* Thank ye Sir.

*Comely*, But are you to be married?

*Wil. Elsba* and I are both forsworn else.

*Comely*, Methinks that troubles me; 'tis but a phansie sure. *aside*

When are you to be married?

*Elsba.* To morrow God send's fair weather.

*Comely*, My heart's disturb'd to hear it, what can it mean, *aside* that I should find disorder in my breast because this Country wench is to be married: I needs must ask again.

To morrow is the day you have set then?

*Wil.*

*Wil.* Prithee, if thou wilt not believe, come to *St. Brides* and thou shalt see the Parson joyn our hands.

*Comely*, The very hearing of it repeated makes me feel something, I know not what, methinks more then a usual heat is now within me. *aside*
Is it not very hot to day?

*Will.* 'Vous *Elsba*. And I have reason to say so, for we have walk'd all about *London* to day; we don't intend to leave one fine sight unseen: We were at a place where a huge rough thing (a shame take 'em) had like to have bit *Elsba* by the Leg, and then the beast had utterly spoil'd her new stockings which I bought her at our last Fair.

*Comely*, Prithee let's see what colour they are off *(shews her leg.*

*Will.* That thou shalt, if thy eyes don't hinder thee.

*Comely*, 'Twas a beast indeed that could have bit that leg.

*Elsba*, Why—how now *Will.* will you offer to shew my leg at *London*, have ye not heard there's more danger in shewing a maids leg at *London* then in the countrey?

*Will.* No indeed *Elsba* there is not, as long as *I* have thy leg in my hand.

*Comely*, Sure I would handle those legs more gently, what would I give now to be that Clown; i'le ask them where they lodge *(aside*
By which means I may have opportunity to break my mind to her —— And where do you two lodge whilst you are in Town, i'me resolv'd to come and see you.

*Will.* Where thou shalt be welcome—we lie i'th' *Strand*, at a House my Father uses to lie at, next door to the *Hart*
When comes about Law Suits —Come *Elsba* thee and i'le go home, I begin now to be hungar'd.

*Comely*, Why do y'e use to sup thus early?

*Will.* I warrant thee man *Elsba* and I go to bed before Candle tinding.

*Comely*, Sweet Mistriss Pritty you'l bid me welcome too I hope.

*Elsba*, Yes indeed very kindly sir.

*Comely*, O—that she would as kindly as I could wish.

*Will.* Good Den t'y'e, come *Elsba*.

*Elsba*, I *William*. *Exeunt Clown and* Elsba.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant*, Sir 'twill be too late for your Worship to go out of Town to Night.

*Comely*, I think so too, set up my Horses, what sudden fate hath chang'd my mind! I feel my heart so restless now as if it n'ere knew rest, sure i'me in love; yet how I should find that who never was before, a man that's sick of a Disease he never had, knows not what 'tis till the Physitian proves it, yet i'me acquainted with my new distemper, as if I had linger'd in't this twelve moneths: how finely shall I be laugh'd at now if the cause of my staying in Town be once discover'd, I that have taken the liberty all my life time to Jeer at peoples being in love.

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## SCENE II.

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*Enter* Welbred, *and with him a Scrivener going to my Lady* Wealthies *House.*

*Well.* BElieve me honest Gripe, I'de have this hundred pounds in Gold but just to shew my La. *Wealthies* Gentlewoman.

*Gripe*, Sir, you have had so ill a run at play, and I have lent you so much already, i'me resolv'd not to part with a farthing more.

*Wel.* I tell thee Gripe I will not borrow it, i'le hold it in my hand but half a minute, and thou shalt have it again.

*Gripe*, What good can this do you?

*Well.* Good?——Why 'twill be the absolute losing of my widdow if thou dos't not do it, i'le only shew the Gold at the door, then i'le slip it into thy hand again.

*Gripe*,

*Gripe*, Well Sir, if this be all, here is the money for you, but i'le hold you by the tip of the Coat to be secure of my money before you enter. *VVelbred knocks*

*wel.* Is your Lady within?

*Enter Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Yes, Sir.

*wel.* Why look ye then, I am come to see her, my Pockets are full of Gold, here's a hundred of u'm.

*Gent.* I'le call my Lady immediately.

*Gripe*, Come sir, my money now you have done shewing it,

*wel.* What won't you let me keep it in my Pockets till I come out again. *(he gives the money.*

*Gripe*, No, no, no sir. *Exit Gripe.*

*Enter Lady VVealthy to him.*

*L. weal.* Mr. *welbred*, I find Miracles are not ceas'd altogether, by your making me a visit when your Pockets are full.

*VVel.* Madam, I wonder you could ever have such thought of me.

*L. VVeal.* I do y'e wrong I warrant ye,

*VVel.* In that behalf Madam, you wrong my heart, that loves you equally in all Conditions.

*L. Weal.* That is to say, you care not a pin for me at any time.

Prithee, what is thy love *welbred*?

*VVel.* 'Tis your fair self.

*L. VVeal.* By my troth i'me sorry to hear it, for then I am nothing.

*VVel.* Nay widdow, why so sev[illegible] that values you above his life?

*L. VVeal.* I believe you do at any time you have lost your money, for then you'r weary of living; No, Gentleman, if a winning hand can be my Rival, a losing hand shall be yours:

*VVel.* But why so sharp widdow, now I have convinc'd you that i'me not of this humour.

*L. VVeal.* Convince me, for once, sure you think I am very

 fond

fond loving Lady; perhaps if you keep at this rate for a whole twelve moneth..... a year after that I may tell you my mind.

*VVel.* Why won't you marry me to day?

*L. VVeal.* VVhy should you think i'le hang my self to morrow?

*VVel.* Nay prithee be more mild, faith I love thee truely and nobly, end fooling and be kind to me.

*L.* VV*eal.* No, no, to be kind to you, is to begin fooling.

VV*el.* VVell I'le hold my peace, a woman sometimes loves to be Courted with the Eyes, and not with the Tongue, so that for this time i'le convey my love to thee by looks; but, hark ye, though you don't care for me, I hope you love me better than another man.

*L.* VV*eal.* Yes, that I think I do.

VV*el.* I am glad to hear it, I have not lost my widdow, and yet have kept my humour. *aside*

*Enter two Ladies.*

1 *Lady*, Madam your Servant, we came to wait on you, to know if you'l take the Air.

*L.* VV*eal.* VVithall my heart, the Evening is very sweet.

1 *Lady*, Methinks we miss Mr. *Comely's* Company already.

*L.* W*eal.* Truely at the rate men go now a-days, many of their Companies are well spar'd.

VV*el.* That's for me again, particular concerns make women speak in General.

1 *Lady*, Bless me! I think the Devil we were talking of, is appear'd.

*L.* VV*eal.* 'Tis either *Comely* or his Ghost.

*nter* Comely.

*Comely*, Nay, never start Ladies, you may approach, I am no Spirit.

*L.* W*eal.* Why, I thought you had been setled in the Countrey by this time.

*Comely*, I setled in the Countrey, why, who d'e think I am? i'le lay

lay five pounds not one of you here know me.

*L. VVeal.* VVe have very short memories then, are you not Mr. *Comely?*

*Comely,* No marry am I not, I am no such body.

L. *Weal.* Why then, thou art the Devil in his likeness.

*Comely,* No, no, view me well, I have too tame a look to be the Devil, no Devil ever had such a melancholy Eye; and to shew you I am neither the Devil nor Mr. *Comely*, I am a miserable thing, that scarce thinks the day long enoug to sigh in; I suppose none of you ever knew Mr. *Comely* or the Devil guilty of this.

L. *Weal.* What means this Riddle.

*Comely,* Ladies be pleas'd to pardon the Intrusion of this Visit, since I am a stranger to you all, and so your humble Servant. *(offers to go.*

L. *Weal.* Nay, pray Sir stay, we like your company well, and would fain hear some more of these Misteries.

*Comely,* Why pray what d'e take me for?

L. *Weal.* A man Sir.

*Comely,* You'r deceiv'd in that too, I'me none, I want the chief Intral a man should have; Ladies have you a mind to laugh for an hour?

L. *Weal.* Withal our hearts, if we had but a fitting subject.

*Comely,* Why then laugh at me.

L. *Weal.* By no means Sir, not at a stranger.

*Comely,* Come, come, you all know me well enough, and yet I tell you, I am plaguely altered since you saw me last.

*L. Weal.* Why what's the matter?

*Comely,* I am a Pox on't —— I am a Plague on't —— I am in Love,

*L. Weal.* In Love —— what Mr. *Comely*, in Love?

*Comely,* Nay, nay, nay, come begin the laugh, and let it not last above three hours, that's all I ask. *( they laugh a great while.*

VVell have you done? *they laugh on.*

*All Ladies,* No, not by a great deal.

*Comely,* I must have patience till you have.

*L. Weal. Comely*, do you remember the house you talk't of purchasing if e're you fell in love with a VVoman, methinks 'twere time now you took possession of *Bedlam*.

*Comely,* O that care's, taken by my short experience, I find a man is in Love and in *Bedlam* both at one minute.

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* But how had you the Confidence to come near us in that condition, you that have despis'd our whole Sex.

*Comely*, How unreasonable a thing is that, to ask a man why he does any thing after being in Love?

L. *Weal.* Don't you expect to be laught at, more then another man?

*Comely*, And have not you all laught enough yet?

L. *Weal.* Enough? why we shall laugh at thee this Twelve Moneths, every day, but prethee where is the face has done thee this mischief?

*Comely*, Nay, 'tis no *London* Female, she's a thing that never saw Cheese-cake, Tart, or Syllibub, at the Lodge in *Hide-Park* orat the

L. *Weal.* I warrant 'tis some mimping Country Gentlewoman.

*Comely*, No, 'tis a Country Farmer's daughter.

L. *Weal.* Bless me, what an Arrow *Cupid* hath found out to wound thee with? Faith the blind *god* hath fitted thee.

*Comely*, You must know I have not been a step out of Town; for immediately after I had taken my leave of you, and was going to get on Horse-back, I met with this Creature and her Sweet-heart a VVest country Clown, I had scarce exchang'd six words with her, but I found the constitution of my Eyes quite alter'd, which heretofore had passed swiftly over all women's Faces, as hasty shadows over Hills, but then so firmly fix'd upon this Object, as if they never meant to look another way.

L. *Weal.* Is she so very Pritty?

*Comely*, Indeed she is, in spight of the strange dress she's in, which is a straw Hat, a *Quaif*, a red Wastcoat, and a green Petticoat not long enough by two handfuls, and yet me thought 'twas not at all two short, since 'twas the cause of shewing two such pritty Feet.

L. *Weal.* VVel Mr. *Comely*, we hope you'l shew us this rare Thing, and so we'l leave you in your Transe, but you must give us leave to point at you before we go? *they point.*

*Comely*, As you please Ladies. *Exeunt Ladies.*

*wel.* Well, little did I ever think to have seen this day with you!

*Comely.* Nay, prethee leave this wondring now, and pitty me.

*Wel.* VVhy 'tis no matter, the more you love the more pleasure you'l have, since you need not doubt success with such a kind of woman.

*Comely*,

*Cowly*, VVell, fare thee well, I must go see her.
'Tis strange that Love should be a welcome Guest,
That enters uninvited to the Breast. *Ex. at several doors.*

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# SCENE the III.

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*Enter* Frenchlove *at one door*, Vaine *at another.*

*Vaine*, Monsieur *Frenchlove*, well met.

*French.* I cannot say the like to you, Sir, since I'me told you have done a damn'd stinking English trick.

*Vain.* In what?

*French.* In finding fault with a pair of Tops I wore yesterday, and upon my Parol, I never had a pair sate better in my life, they were never so much as washt in *England* yet, and I'me sure any person of Breeding must say they sate so well, that my Leg look'd in 'um not at all like an English Leg.

*Vain.* Sir, all that I said of your Tops, was, that they made such a rushing noise as you walk'd, that my Mistriss could not hear one word of the Love I made to her.

*French.* Sir, I cannot help that, for I shall justifie my Tops in the noise they were guilty of, since 'twas A-la-mode of *France*, can you say 'twas an *English* noise.

*Vain.* I can say though your Tops were made in *France*, they made a noise in *England*.

*French.* But still Sir, 'twas a French noise?

*Vain.* But cannot a French noise hinder a man from hearing?

*French.* No certainly, that's demonstration; for look you Sir, a

French

French noise is agreeable to the air, and therefore not unagreeable; and therefore not prejudicial to the hearing (that is to say) to a person that has seen the World; but Mr. *Vaine*, I cannot much blame you for this Error, for to understand French things throughly require seven years being in *France*, no English man that does not absolutely abandon his dull English nature, can ever be a competent Judge of the sitting of Tops, or the garniture of Cloaths, or mounting of Feathers, and all other things of this kind, that belong to the judgement of a right French accomplish't person. So Sir, for this time I shall pass over this English mistake of yours, considering withal, you are a servant to the sister of my Mistrist.

*Vain.* Indeed I am a very Zealous Adorer of that Lady.

*French.* And I'me confident you'r a person she values, but had it been your fortune to have faln in Love with her sister, you must have dy'd hopeless, for nothing ever could have gain'd her but a French Address; which I being Master of, made me successful in her Esteem, she has told me no English love could ever have reach't her heart: at times when I have been expressing my French Passion to her, upon my Parol my Cloaths, Garnitures, Feathers and Tops, have sate so that you'd have thought they had been sensible of my Amour.

*Vain.* Here come the two Fair Sisters, they seem very merry.

*Enter two Sisters with a Letter, laughing and reading to themselves.*

*French.* Ladies your humble Servant, you laugh heartily.

1 *Crafty*, I, and so will you when you know the business:

*French.* Pray what is't.

1 *Crafty*, Here read this Letter.

2 *Craft.* And do you read this Mr. *Vaine.* *they read.*

*Madam your kindness to Mr.* Frenchlove *distracts me, consider how long I have been your Faithful dying Servant, therefore shew me some pitty for Heavens sake.*

*Vaine*, My Letter's just the same.

1 *Craf.* What two Fools are these, to expect any favor from us, who have despis'd them this Twelve Moneths. Mr. *Frenchlove*, you are not jealous of your Rival I suppose?

*French.*

*French.* Madam, the favors I have reciev'd from you, forbids me, besides this Letter bears no French stile of Love, and therefore i'me confident can take no impression in your beauteous thoughts.

2 *Craf.* Mr. *Vaine*, you need not doubt me.

*Vaine*, Madam the assurance I have had from you, and this Sword shall guard me from any Rival.

2 *Craf.* Are not these two pritty believing Fools sister? *aside.*

1 *Crafty*, O; They are the fitter to make husbands.

*Vaine*, Hark Mr. *Frenchlove*, though I don't doubt my Mistrisses Constancy, yet I am resolv'd to ask her to marry me with all speed, because so fair a woman as she is, will have many Suiters. When do you intend to ask your Lady the question?

*French.* At some agreeable time Sir, when the French fancy is most in her head.

1 *Crafty*, Gentlemen you must excuse us, we have some business that requires hast.

*Vaine*, Shall we wait on you, Ladies?

1 *Crafty*, No Sir, your pardon at this time if you please.

*French.* Madam your most humble Servant.

*Vaine*, Madam your most devoted Creature. *they are going.*

*French.* Look ye Mr. *Vaine*, though my Mrs. deny'd me waiting of her, yet 'twas a denyal with a French tone of a voyce, so that it was agreeable.

*Vain.* I did not understand it so at all.

*French.* Diabol Sir, you are Englishly mistaken then, therefore draw. *French steps back, lays his hands upon his Sword, hearing 'em speak high, the women step back again.*

1 *Craf.* Bless me, what's the matter? what means this sudden heat 'twixt you two?

*French.* Madam, Mr. *Vaine* does not understand that though you deny'd us waiting on you, 'twas with a French tone of a voyce;

1 *Craf.* Yes Mr. *Vaine*, 'twas indeed.

*Vaine*, Say you so, too Lady?

2 *Craf.* Yes truly 'twas!

*Vain.* Nay then i'le not dispute it?

1 *Crafty*, No pray Sir, nor never do things of this kind with Mr. *Frenchlove*, he's so understanding in 'em; your servant gentlemen.

*French.* D'ye see Sir, how she leaves us, she walks away with a French step.

*Vaine*, Nay Sir, that I cannot see. (*they turn back again.*

*French.* Not see't mort dein——then draw your Sword.

1 *Craf.* Bless me, are you quarrelling agen, what's the matter?

*French.* Madam he says now, you did not walk away with a French step.

1 *Craf.* O indeed Mr. *Vaine* I did, for Heavens sake no more of this, 'twill keep my sister and I in perpetual fears for both our concerns.

Gentlemen, once more your Servant. Sister were there ever two such Coxcombs, what boot betwixt your Fool and mine, but we must pray for their health now, till we are married, and have our Joyntures settled; And then let the Bell tole for them both as soon as time pleases, let him make as much hast as he will.

*Exeunt Women.*

*French.* Well Sir, I suppose these are all willful mistakes, therefore I am not angry, but am your humble Servant, I must leave you now, for I am going to view some French things newly come over.

*Jack,* The Devil Sir, why are you kept in awe by this *French love?* why did you not draw to justifie your Opinion?

*Vaine, Jack,* thou talk'st like a Fool, this Frenchified fellow fences Plaguely, they'l put a Thrust in quart or in the twinkling of an eye.

*Jack,* Sir, if you'l give me leave, next time he draws, i'le have one English Pass at his French body.

## *Enter* VVelbred.

*Welbred,* Mr. *Vaine* your Servant, i'me glad I have met you, will you go see a *Play* this afternoon? *meets* Vaine *as he is going out.*

*Vaine,* Troth Sir no, 'twill not be convenient for me.

*Wel.* Why Sir?

*Vaine,* I shall meet so many Women there of my acquaintance, and if I speak to one more then another, there will be exceptions taken. I was t'other day at a Play and there was a Lady (who shall be nameless) founded away upon the sudden, all the company guest it was at a Duel upon the Stage, but Sir (let it go no farther) it was at my whispering with another woman; and to tell you true, I am going to see this Lady now, for she has kept her Bed with the conceit on't ever since.

*Wel.* And will she be reconci'd to you again, d'e y'e think?

*Vaine,*

*Vaine*, Upon her own Peril if she be'nt, i'me too great a Libertine to be tyed to one woman. I'de give this hand, I could lessen my acquaintance with 'em.

*Jack*, Sir, unless you'l raise my wages ten shillings more this quarter, I will immediately discover to Mr. *Welbred*, this honourable Lye you have told.

*Vain.* Well sirrah hold your peace, I will.

*wel.* What Mr. *Vaine*, I shall not have your company then?

*Vain.* No Sir, I crave your pardon this time, your Devoted servant. *Exit* Vaine, *and* Jack.

*wel:* Farewell to thee and all thylyes, certainly this fellow has rob'd the Devil of his whole Treasure; so that the Devil has not one lye left for himself. Now to my Widdow if I can but find her in a good humour, I shall get her Consent this time, Oh here comes my Scriv'ner.

*Enter* Gripe.

Whom I appointed to meet me here with an hundred pounds to shew again at the door, else I shall not be let in, have ye brought the hundred Pieces?

*Gripe*, Yes Sir.

*Wel.* Give u'm me.

*Gripe*, You'l restore u'm unto my hand before you enter?

*Wel.* Yes, yes, as I did before. (*he knocks*

*Enter Gentlewoman.*

Is your Lady within?

*Gent.* Yes Sir.

*wel.* Look ye i'me come again to see her with a 100 pieces in my pocket.

*Gripe*, Now Sir my money.

*well.* Well, well, here 'tis.

*Gent.* Ha! what have I spied! he gives the Gold to that fellow? am confident 'tis some Scrivener he has hired to send him a 100 pieces only to shew, and the fellow will not trust him out of his sight, but comes alway with him, have I found you? *aside*

Sir I don't know certainly if my Lady be within, but i'le go see and bring you word immediately.

*Porter*, Madam 'tis so i'le assure you, (*she goes in and brings out her Lady presently.*

*L. Weal.* Let me alone, I warrant you i'le fit him; O Mr. *Welbred*, now I begin to think you love me indeed, since you continue visiting me with your pockets full.

*Wel.* Alas Madam, 'twas ever a great mistake in you to believe winning or losing could either decrease or increase my love to you.

*L. Weal.* But I used never to see you when you had a winning hand.

*Wel.* You may believe now that was never the reason, younger Brothers have oftentimes troublesome business, and that might be the cause.

*L. weal.* Well i'le believe you, go call my Couzen hither, and bring some Cards; Mr. *Welbred* we'l go to two piece Le umbre for an hour or two, i'me sure I please you in that motion. *aside*

*Wel.* Madam, you shall ever please me; but at this time I had rather she had askt me to have gone to the Devil, for I have not one farthing of money to sit down with: how to come off now I know not, I phansie I look like an Ass already. (*a Table and Cards are brought.*

*Enter Couzen.*

*L. weal.* Come, come Couzen you'l make one at Le umbre.

1 *Lady*, With all my heart Madam.

*Well.* O—I cannot fetch by breath for fear of my approaching shame, head help me out now, or else would thou wer'e off.

*L. weal.* Come Mr. *Welbred* take your seat.

*Wel.* Faith Madam I have a foolish phansie now, i'me sure you'l laugh at it.

*L. weal.* Why, what i'it?

*Wel.* I'me resolv'd not to play unless you'l lend me forty pieces of your Gold.

*L. Weal.*

L. *Weal.* Fie, what a senslesS conceit is this, when you have a hundred in your pockets?

*Wel.* Nay I won't touch a Card unless you do.

L. *Weal.* Nay prithee leave fooling, here the first Spade deals.

*Wel.* Nay, nay, no, no, not I, S'life I had almost forgot, I must run away a Gentleman stays at the Fleece Tavern to pay me a hundred pounds I won of him last night.

L. *Weal.* Hold, hold, you shan't go, i'le tell you a thing will stay you, to shew you how well I love you; I have a Chaplain of my own in the house, *I* will marry you strait before my Cozen.

*Wel.* Troth this is nobly done, what does this woman mean? *aside* I begin to think she suspects I have no money, but how she should come to know it I can't imagine, dear widdow i'le step to my Lodging and make my self a little finer, for i'me resolv'd I won't be married in these Cloaths.

*L. weal.* Nay, you shan't go for that, 'tis all one as long as I like you in n'm.

*Wel.* O my heart akes damnably, I find by her willingness to marry, she has discover'd me: O that I were out of the room.

*L. Weal.* Come Mr. *welbred*, don't you be so liberal now, and give my Chaplain fifty pieces of Gold for marrying of us, but as I told you before ten pieces you must give him.

*Enter Parson.*

Come Sir, you must joyn our hands, *I* am resolv'd to take this Gentleman for better for worse.

*Wel.* Now had *I* as lieve see the Devil as that black Parson. *aside*

L. *Weal.* Mr. *Welbred* you shall give him your ten pieces before hand.

*Wel.* Faith i'le go put on other Cloaths first.

L. *Weal.* No, no, i'le take you in these; come why don't you produce your money?

*Wel.*

*Wel.* I must go home and mug my self up a little, and then I'me for you widdow, Heart, Body and Soul——

*L. Weal.* Gentleman, I have found you out, though you thought to have couzen'd me; you have not two pence in your pocket, and come to see me, a Scrivener has lent you a hundred pieces to shew at the door, but would not trust you to come into the house with u'm, shall I fetch you a Glass to see how like an Ass you look; no, no Sir, the way lies there, you may go now as soon as you please, and put on other Cloaths, though not to marry me in.

*Well.* Provoking widdow hold that biting tongue, and Parson get you up to your Closet, and pray heartily for your Lady she'l be damn'd else for promising a man marriage and never intend it.

*L. Weal.* Something 'twas indeed you would not play at Lumbre unless you had forty pieces of my money——O my dear cunning Servant.

*Wel.* I'le be gone, for should I stay, that very Clock of thine would make me set fire on thy house about thy ears.

*L. Weal.* O! Gentleman——you had brains enough, but you wanted wit to make this cunning design of yours take.

(*Exeunt* Welbred *at one door, and women at another.*

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ACT

# ACT the V. SCENE the I.

*Enter* Comely.

*Comely*, SUre this pritty Creature cannot love her Clown so well as me, if once I can but find a time to talk with her: I'le to her Lodging, yonder she is I think without her sweet heart too, fair one where wander ye? *Enter* Elsba *crying*.

What makes you weep?

*Elsba*, A lack a day Sir, I have lost *William*, I have not seen him this four hours, and he told me when he went out he would go but just to the May-pole in the *Strand* to see if it were as tall as ours upon our Green in the Countrey; many a dance has *william* led me about our Maypole, therefore i'de be loth to lose him now.

*Comely*, But what think you of losing *William* and finding me your sweet heart instead of him?

*Elsba*, No a vous Sir, my heart has gone pit a pat for *William*, and no man else this many a day.

*Comely*, Are you sure you can never love me?

*Elsba*, Not as long as my sweet *William* lives, and if he were dead I think I shou'd never sing Song again Milking my Vathers Cows. Pray Sir, was never any body lost in *London*?

*Comely*, Yes marry, some are drown'd.

*Elsba*, My *William* said he'd never come upon the huge Sea that runs by the Kings Majesties window.

*Comely*, How equally her Innocence and Beauty charme me

Fairest Creature!

*Elsba*, I disown the name Sir.

*Comely*, Then you wrong Nature that has made you so.

*Elsba*, Nature, whose that I pray, for I would willingly injure no body?

*Comely*, Nature thy Mother pritty one, thy partial mother, that to thy Face has given thee all her stock of Beauty.

*Elsba*, Indeed she's none of my Mother, I left her in the Country. My love is heathen Greek to this fair Innocent *aside*

*Comely*, Well Mistriss *Pritty*, when *William* comes will you give us both a hearing, let him speak his love, and i'le speak mine, and then see which you like best.

*Elsba*, With all my heart Sir, but *William* will be too hard for you, he's a Parsons man at that wous, this heart can tell.

O here he comes.

*Enter* VWilliam.

O *William*, where have you been all this while?

*Wil.* Been *Elsba*? where I wisht thee twenty times, such a sight I think was never seen by any body but me, and such as have seen't before. O *Elsba*, I saw two huge rough hair'd things led by the Nose, with two strings, and a huge Bull like ours in the Countrey, with a brave Garland about his Head, and an Horse, and the least Gentleman upon him that ever I saw in my life, and brave Bagpipes play before t'm. I warrant thee I followed them close every street, till thick little Gentleman a Horse-back rode into his own House, then I was fain to leave e'm.

*Comely*, 'Tis Bear-baiting day, and he has met with the Bull, and the Bears, and the Jack an Apes a Horse-back; 'tis a very hard case this Clown must be my Rival.

*Elsba*, *William*, Mr. *Comely* desires that he may speak his love to me, and you speak yours, to see which I like best; I think *William* if you could remember those things you said to me at first, before you knew I lov'd you.

*VWil.* A wous I h'a e'm all down in a Book I warrant thee. (*Pulls out's Book.*

*Comely*, *VWilliam* do you begin.

*Wil.* Agreed *Elsba*, I do love thee, I find by the Comfashiousness

nesſ of my heart, I could ſuck thy Eyes out of thy head, I could eat thy lips though I were not an hungard, I could ſick thee all over as our Cow does her Calf. O *Elsba*, my heart do Thunderclap my breaſt when I think o' thee, a wou's methinks ſometimes though I never am anger'd with thee, I could tear the cloaths off thy back, Smock and all, my heart does leap and caper when I do ſee this leg and thy Coats tuck't up as thou com'ſt home from Milking Vathers Kine.

*Elsba*, I think Mr. *Comely* this very ſpeech of *williams* has ſpoil'd you.

*Comely*, Come fair Soul.

*wil.* Nay, if thou haſt a mind to ſpeak, ſpeak of her body.

*Comely*, If nothing I can ſay can warm thy cold heart with pitty, I am moſt miſerable; that I do love thee, my Eyes do ſpeak.

*wil.* He's out at firſt daſh *Elsba*, that cannot be, there's no Tongue in the eyes.

*Comely*, Oh if that beauteous frame of thine were in my Cuſtody i'de guard it faſe as Angels do the Holy, nothing ſhould e're approach it but my love, and that ſo gently too, as when I toucht thee, it ſhould be as Nurſes handle Limbs of Infants; i'de never Kiſs thee but with Lips perfum'd with purer love, and gaze on thee with maiden eyes that n're knew love before, no ſigh from me ſhould e're come near thy heart, but it ſhall be as chaſt a preſent, as if an Infants breath had ſent it, i'de ſit and wiſh away the night, becauſe her darkneſs would conceal thy beauty, and thank the day for bringing light again for me to gaze on thee with wiſhing eyes, thou ſhouldſt be my Saint, and I would pray to thee.

*Wil.* Hark *Elsba*, the man's a Papiſt.

*Elsba*, Sir, you had beſt ſpare your pains, I told you *william* would give you the go by; if he had us'd no other talk to me then theſe, he'd gone without me.

*Wil.* Come *Elsba* let's go home, good den to ye Sir. (*Exeunt Clown and* Elsba.

*Comely*, What is my fault that Heaven thus has puniſh'd me, to make me love a Creature wholly ignorant of a noble paſſion, I might as well have told my talk to a Marble Statue and have found relief as ſoon?

*Enter* VVelbred.

*Wel.* Why, how now Friend, why so melancholy? what for being in love with a wench you may have when you will?

*Comely*, Thou art mistaken, there's as much impossibility in that, as in Nature, her heart's so wholly in the Clown's possession, 'tis past the Art of any sweeter sound of Love to draw it thence.

*Wel.* Prithee, in what kind art thou in Love with her? for a bit and away, or how?

*Comely*, Now if there be any purer Love on earth then ever was, I have it here for her.

*Wel.* Nay then, Lord have mercy upon thee, but, hark ye now, hear a little of my misery, my widdow has quite discarded me, time never to see her more.

*Comely*, Why, how so?

*Wel.* She had given Order to her Gentlewoman every time I came, not to let me in unless I could shew a hundred pounds in Gold; wherefore when I had lost all my money, I was fain to hire a Scrivener to let me have a hundred pieces to shew at her door, who went along with me, and before I entred I was fain to slip the money into his hands again, for he would not trust me farther, which her peeping Gentlewoman espyed, and told her Lady.

*Comely*, Well I'me sorry for thy ill luck, but I have so much to do to pity my self, that I cannot think of thee; i'le go walk in some melancholy place, for when I can't see her, I would see nothing else. farewell. *Exit* Comely.

*Wel.* And i'le to my widdow once more.

*Enter Lady* VVealthy, *spies* VVelbred, *runs over the Stage from him.*

S'life here she is.

*L. Weal.* The Devil, how came I to meet thee, avoid Satan, avoid.

*Wel.*

VV*el.* Stay thou cruel fleet widdow, or i'le send a Bullet, after you, shall spoil your Race. *(Pulls out a Pistol.*

L. W*eal.* Murder, murder, murder.

VV*el.* Stand still then and I won't kill you.

L. VV*eal.* Well, what have you to say?

VV*el.* Do you believe I Love you?

L. *VVeal.* No indeed don't I.

VV*el.* As you hope to be saved?

L. W*eal.* Hark ye, if *I* were given to swear as thou art when thou hast lost all thy money, *I* would now make use of all those Oaths to swear thou dost not care a pin for me, nor *I* for thee. Why, my poor losing Gamester, how couldst thou have the Confidence ever to look me in the face again after your last Visit.

W*el.* Well to shew you *I* love you of all things in the world, i'le Pistol my self strait, if you will not marry me.

L. W*eal.* Pish, *I*'le be hang'd then.

W*el.* Do you dare bid me kill my self three times together?

L. W*eal.* Yes, do I.

*well.* Come begin and try.

*L. weal.* Stay, is the Pistol charg'd and primd? now VV*elbred* if you love me kill your self.

W*el.* Well, there's once.

L. VV*eal.* Because i'de have you make haste W*elbred*, if you love me kill your self.

W*el.* There's twice, S'life i'me afraid she'l play the fool and bid me the third time, she has been damn'd quick in the two first. *Aside*

L. W*eal.* Well now my departing Servant settle your Countenance with a dying kind of look, and then i'le pronounce thy last Sentence, i'me pleas'd to think how prittily thou'l't look in a winding sheet, i'le have thee decently buryed, and thy Epitaph shall be

*Here lies a Gamester that will play no more,*
*Guess at the reason made him give it o're.*

Now are you ready?

*L. Weal.* Why, then present

*Wel.* Well said pritty Captain.

L. *VVeal.* And now give —you long for the next word now.?

*VVel.* Try.

L. *VVeal.* Come you know I won't be guilty of Murder, that makes you so courageous. (*she offers to run away.*

*VVel.* Nay, stay, stay, i'le kill my self yet, if you won't promise to marry me, speak quickly?

L. *VVeal.* Prithee let's throw up cross and pile then whether it shall be a match or no.

*VVel.* Not I, i'le trust to no chance now.

L. *VVeal.* Come, most at a throw at Dice, that you'l like i'me sure.

L. *VVeal.* No, no, absolutely promise me to marry me to morrow morning.

L. VV*eal.* Well if it must be so, I will.

VV*el.* Upon your Reputation?

L. VV*eal.* Upon my Reputation come to my House, and we'l be married where your Friend *Comely* shall be my Father, and give me to thee; for i'me loath to do such a foolish thing my self.

VV*el.* You shall ne're repent this Noble Act, for what I want in Fortune, i'le make up in Love.

L. VV*eal.* I ne're consider'd, we'l exchange, you shall have one for t'other.

W*el.* I'le love you truly and ever.

Adieu till to morrow. (*Ex. at several doors.*

Time be my Friend, and swiftly bring that hour,

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Comely *and* Elsba Pritty.

*Comely*, SWeet Mistriss *Pritty*.

*Elsba*, 'Tis the flowers in my bosom, Sir, not I.

*Comely*, If you can love me, all the fine Ladies you have seen at *London* shall not have gayer Cloaths then you, you shall wear holland smocks lin'd with Lace of 40 s. a yard, Gold Petticoats and Wastcoats, Diamonds in your Ears, Pearls about your neck, Bracelets of Rubies about your hands, Silk Stockings on your legs, and Gold and Silver Shooes on your feet.

*Elsba*, O woful! *William* would not know me in all this bravery, but Sir if you would give me all these things and Roast-meat twice aday into the bargain, I could not have the Conscience to take my heart from *william*, he and I are going just now, if you'l be my Father and give me, i'le thank you?

*Comely*, I'de rather give my self to Beasts to be devour'd. *aside* Farewell hard-hearted pretty Creature, I can't but love her too for being constant to her Clown. *Exit* Comely

*Enter* William.

*wil.* Come *Elsba*, I believe the Parson stays, I have brought thy Ring, 'tis beaten Silver i'le sure thee, and because 'tis at *London* where things are dearer then in the Countrey, I do intend to give the

the Parson as much as our Landlords eldest Son gave when he was married, which was three and a Groat; so that this money will ajust do it, here's two thirteen pence half penny pieces, three Groats, nd a single penny.

## SCENE II.

*Enter* Frenchlove, 1 Crafty, Vaine, *and t'other going to be married.*

*French.* Madam you'l pardon me, that I did not provide a French Parson to marry us, but upon my Parol there was not one in *London.*

*Wil.* What, you two come hand in hand, as if you two couple were going to be married as well as *Elsba* and I?

*French.* Make way English Clown.

*Wil.* Wous, but we won't; first come, first serv'd, so *Elsba* and I will go before. *Exeunt* Clown *and* Elsba.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

# SCENE the III.

*Enter Lady* VVealthy *and Gentlewoman, and two other Ladies of Quality.*

L. *Weal.* IN short, let the best of all Varieties that can be had be got for Dinner.

*Gent.* They shall Madam. *Exit Gent.*

L. *Weal.* Cousen, I believe you little thought ever to have seen me married to Mr. *Welbred.*

1 L*ady*, Pardon me Madam, I ever believ'd it would be a Match, i'me confident you'l be happy in him for all his youthful gaming tricks.

*Enter* Comely.

L. VV*eal.* Welcome Sir, I have chose you to be my Father, to give me to your Friend Mr. *Welbred* this Morning.

*Comely,* I shall willingly serve your Ladyship, and do him that Honor.

Is

Is he here ?

*L. Weal.* No, which I wonder at, for 'tis past his hour, I have invited Mr. *Frenchlove*, and Mr. *Vaine*, who are married this morning, you have promis'd the thing you love will be here for us to sett.

*Enter* VVelbred's *Boy with a Letter.*

*Boy*, Madam, my Master presents his Service to you with this Letter. *(she opens and reads*

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*Dear Widdow excuse me for an hour, for I am now at play, and am a great winner, and the Persons whom I am at play with have five hundred pound more in their Pockets, therefore 'tis not prudence to give over, where so much ready money is to be won, I hope I shall make a Richer Husband to thee then I thought,*

Thine for Ever.

*L. Weal.* Was there ever the like? *(she storms*

1 *Lady*, What's the matter Madam, I hope Mr. *Welbred's* come to no mischance?

*L. VVeal.* Mischance, would he had broke his neck.

1 *Lady*, Bless me, what's the matter?

*L. VVeal.* There, read this Letter. *(she reads*

This vile Fellow has vex'd me so, I could curse him all day long, if I could invent Curses bad enough, he's laid an open shame upon me before all my Friends and Kindred; they must needs think by this, I am so fond of him, that I would have forc'd this Marriage on him, would he were bed rid, and bound to lie all days of his life upon a Bed stuffe with Dice instead of Feathers, and that he might dream all night long of throwing on't; i'me resolv'd to hire as many Link Boys as shall set him on fire with their Links, now can you blame me?

1 *Lady*, Indeed I'me very much amaz'd at him.

*L Weal.* Pray come all up with me to my Chamber and help me to Curse him. *Exeunt all*

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## SCENE IV.

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*Enter* Welbred.

*Wel.* VVAs there ever such luck, to be 500 *l.* a winner, and now have never a Groat left? and have lost my widdow into bargain, so I am shut out, I find no more entrance here, then I had at a Back-gammon all this night, i'le call at the window. *(knocks 3, or 4, times.*

Why, Widdow, widdow.

*L. VVeal.* What rude voice is that?

*Wel.* 'Tis thy Servant VV*elbred* come to be married according to thy promise.

*L. VVeal.* Away scritch Owl, away, how canst thou shew thy face again after all thy Villany?

VV*el.* Shew my face, what de think i'le be married blindfold?

L. VV*eal.* Married, thou shalt be hang'd as soon, my kitchen wench shan't have thee.

*VVel.* No faith, I believe thou can'st not spare me pritty Rogue.

L. VV*eal.* Oh Impudent fellow hold thy prating, for i'le n'ere see thy face more.

VV*el.* Then thy house shall be shut up, as if the Plague were in't, for i'le besiege it this week, and if e're it opens i'le come in.

*Comely*, Madam, be not so angry, shall I desire one thing of you? I know him to be a Person of Great Worth, and one that loves you, and this is onely a fault and miscarriage of his youth, pray follow me down, and stand behind the door, you shall trust your own eyes and ears, and not believe me, because you think I am his partial Friend.

L. W*eal.* Sir, I will, but can't conceive Come to what end this is. (*both come down & Comely enters to* Welbred.

*Comely*, Come away with me, stay here no longer, you have quite lost the widdow, she calls you all the Rogues and Rascals and Cowards in the world, and says the meanest slightest things of you, that she'l have you beaten by Porters; therefore e're come along with me, 'tis but time lost to stay, never think of recovering of her.

VV*el.* No, no, i'le stay here till I starve before I'le stir, I know I have committed a great fault, and if she does hate me I deserve it justly; but as I did ever love her truely, so I do now, and so I will do whilst I have breath, though she slight me never so much.

*Comely*, Fie *Welbred*, this Resolution is folly now, since i'me sure thou art the onely thing of mankind, she hates most, and as I have been thy Friend ever, so will I show it now when thou hast most need of me.

*Well.* In what?

*Comely*, I have a Couzen that has twenty thousand pounds to her portion, and she's wholly at my disposal, she's handsome into bargain, her shalt thou have for thy wife; therefore come along with me, and never stand here for an impossibility.

*Well.* Noble Friend I thank ye, but could I have a more beauteous woman that Nature ever yet made, and had she the *Indies* to her portion, she should not be my wife; nothing but my widdow now or a Grave i'me resolv'd. (*Pulls Lady* Wealthy *from behind the door.*

*Comely*, Nay widdow, come out and take him for ever and a day, if he spoke all his life time he could say no more; come come take him by the hand, (Comely *Joynes their hands.*
Thou hast him by the heart already.

*Wel.*

*Well.* My dear widdow—and ſhall we bring both ends together at laſt.

*L. Weal.* It ſeems Fortune will have it ſo.

*Wey.* Madam I need not tell you now I Love you, you heard me ſay ſo when I thought you did not.

*Enter* Frenchlove *and* Vaine *both married to the two* Crafties.

*L. Weall.* Well I believe you.
Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen, God give you all Joy.

*Enter* Page.

*Page*, Mr. *Comely*, heres a Country wench and a Clown at the door would ſpeak with you.

*Comely* Madam, will you ſuffer e'm to come in, and you ſhall ſee the thing I fell in Love with, and the kind of Beaſt that is my Rival.

*Enter* Clown *and* Elsba.

*Elsba*, Mr. *Comely*, *William* and I are both bold to take leave of you, we are going home, the Waggon ſtays for us.

*L. VVeal.* Well Sir, i'le leave laughing at you, and ſay I cannot blame you for being ſmitten with that face 'tis ſo very pritty, I warrant ſhe can Dance well, ſhe treads ſo nimbly with her feet, —ask her.

*Comely*, Can you Dance?

*Elsba*, Yes Sir, our Town Jigg. (*She Dances*

*French.* Fie, fie, this is Engliſh, Madam pray do you Dance a little, and ſhew the difference of the French Movement. Diabol, you Dance like an Engliſh-woman too. (*She Dances like an Engliſh woman too.*

1 *Crafty*, Sir, you may ſee how well I Love you, ſince onely to gain you for my Husband, I have hitherto affected the Garb and Faſhion of Frenchwomen, though contrary to my Nature.
But now I am your perfect Engliſh Loving wife.

*Enter* Engliſh *and* French *Taylors.*

*French.* How am I couzen'd?

*E. Taylor*, Sir, one word with you——you owe me 500 *l.* for

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for Ware which you thought had been French, because 'twas sold to you by the hand of this French Taylor; therefore pay me or i'le tell it before all this Company.

*French.* Peace, peace, come for your money to morrow morning to my Chamber Diabol, sure this damn'd *England* has infected my eyes. (Vaine *takes* French *aside.*

*Vaine*, Hark ye Mr. *Frenchlove*, I believe you and I are whisk't with a couple of Wives, for Mr. *Welbred*, and Mr. *Comely* pretended to be in love with them, and the Devil a bit there's any such thing; besides, i'me told they have been both Mistrisses to Mr. *Comely*, and Mr. *Welbred*, and that they are of very mean Quality.

*French.* Pray Sir, no more of these English Informations, they are not agreeable to my ear.

*Comely*, Mrs. *Pritty*, though you can't love me, i'le give a hundred pound a year for your Life.

*Elsba*, I thank you Sir, and i'le assure you i'le love you best next to *william* as long as I live.

*Comely*, Madam farewell, Heavens send you many a happy day with my Friend *Welbred*, i'me glad I was the Author of Reconciling you to him.

*L. Weal.* Sir, I cannot give you many thanks now, but hereafter if Experience tells me my Husband be worth it, i'le be out of your Debt.

*Wel.* Dear widdow, doubt it not, i'le throw away my Life when ever it appears a thing unsensible to you; and to shew you ile a void those things that have made me so often hazzard the loss of that kindness, i'le never touch Card or Dice again.

*French.* De hear Lady, i'le carry you into *France* next week, I see you'l make a direct English Wife else.

*Jack*, Hark ye Master, take my advice, and return with your Bride: For by what I hear, you are wiv'd to the purpose.

*Vaine*, You say well Jack.

*Comely*, Now will I go Travel, and try if the Air of another Countrey can Cure me of the Disease I have caught in my own: Hereafter if any man shall tell me he can never be in Love, i'le not believe him

For by my self I find,
While there's a Woman no man knows his mind.

*FINIS.*